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FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK

CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

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MR. HARDING and Mr. Hughes are giving a pitiful exhibition of vacillation which reminds us of nothing so much as of the small boy who pleaded "I didn't do it but I won't do it again." When Senator Borah's appeal for a world economic conference was before the Senate they used every device to convince the Senate and the people that the Borah amendment was unnecessary because the Administration was already doing almost everything for which Senator Borah called. But as soon as Senator Borah had withdrawn his motion these great and wise leaders began proclaiming that since France had not followed Hughes's counsel nothing more could be done. To defeat Senator Borah's move Mr. Harding wrote Senator Lodge a letter in the course of which he suggested the desirability of full American representation on the Reparation Commission. Thereupon Senator Robinson, a Democrat, introduced a bill to carry out the President's wish. But since the Senator was a Democrat the President's advisers announced that the bill must be defeated; so the President changed his mind. Then the Senate broke loose, almost unanimously voting for Senator Reed's resolution inviting the President to withdraw our troops from the Rhine. The Senate was as weak as the Executive at that point: it obviously meant the recall as a rebuke to the French policy of invasion, but it took care to say that it did not. Whereupon the White House gave out first that it had intended to recall the troops whatever the Senate did, and then that perhaps it would not recall them after all. Roland Boyden, America's hamstrung representative on the Reparation Commission, showed a truer American spirit when, voteless as he was, he flatly declared that the coal deliveries were an impossible burden on Germany and that she should not be declared in voluntary default. If Mr. Hughes spoke as tersely as Mr. Boyden the French might not be in the Ruhr today.

SECRETARY FALL'S resignation is a blessing for him and for Mr. Harding and for their and our country. As we pointed out at the time his was a scandalous appointment if only because of his record in regard to Mexico. We veritably believe that by leaving the Cabinet now the Secretary has escaped much unpleasantness. While his last annual report bristles with boasting as to what he has accomplished, and how much money his Department is making for the Government, some of his oil leases are a pretty costly matter, to say the least. Mr. Hoover's refusal of Mr. Harding's offer to transfer him to the Interior Department is quite understandable, but one cannot help wondering if Mr. Hoover will not be the next to leave the Cabinet—after Mr. Daugherty, we trust. It was an open secret that when Mr. Hoover accepted a position as one of Mr. Harding's department heads he did so only with the idea of staying a couple of years. Both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes still cherish Presidential ambitions—who can get rid of that bee once it has buzzed around him? One reason for Mr. Hoover's entering the Cabinet was unquestionably the fact that the accusations of his being pro-British, and of his having lived too long out of the country, and his willingness at first to take either Democratic or Republican nomination, made it impossible for him to make headway with the Republican organization. If he does not wish to be forever identified with the failure of the Harding Administration, Mr. Hoover must promptly find another occupation.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S best deeds are his vetoes, and sometimes presidential vetoes, though acts of negation, really spell a public advance and accomplish a bit of sound political education. The veto of the bonus bill called for genuine courage. His veto of Senator Bursum's bill to raise Civil War and Mexican War pensions, which would have made an immediate annual demand of $108,000,000 upon the Treasury and would have established a precedent which would have meant fifty billions of dollars in fifty years if the same principle were to be applied to the four million veterans of the World War, is equally to be commended. Mr. Harding does not exaggerate the dangers of the bill, for there are today no less than forty-nine widows of the War of 1812 drawing pensions 110 years after that war; while seventy-three veterans of the Mexican War, 55,193 widows and veterans of the Spanish War, 272,194 widows of Civil War veterans, and 193,881 veterans of that war are also drawing pensions. What would the country not

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have to face for the next 110 years if it indulged in a similar policy toward the survivors of the World War? So it is obvious that Mr. Harding did a very fine thing when he vetoed the Bursum bill. In fact, we are beginning to think it is a good thing to veto any Bursum bill that may come along, like the Irishman who was willing to hit any head just because it was a head. For it is this same Senator Bursum who is the author of the vicious bill to rob the Pueblo Indians of their lands, rights, and privileges.

ALWAYS most interesting reading are the messages of Governor Alfred Smith of New York. His last before leaving this office in 1920 contained no less than nine straight-out socialist recommendations, including the taking over of the milk supply by the State and a beginning of socialization—or nationalization—of the medical and nursing professions. His inaugural message this year is equally stimulating reading. Indeed, his demand that the State of New York repeal the infamous Lusk laws, which require its teachers to submit to a loyalty test and provide for licensing and supervising private schools, sounds a stirring recall to fundamental American tradition. As for his demand for the repeal of the movie censorship, if we may be permitted to say so, it sounds as if it had been lifted directly from the pages of *The Nation*. A considerable portion of his message is devoted to the question of home rule for cities; he demands that the two State commissions which now regulate public utilities in the cities of New York be abolished and their powers returned to the municipalities. In other words, he wishes the State to revert to the democratic principle of home rule from which it departed when Charles E. Hughes was governor because a corrupt Board of Aldermen at that time blocked the transit development of New York City. Finally, Governor Smith demands the eight-hour day, improved compensation for workmen, removal of all the legal disabilities of women, a minimum wage for women and children, reestablishment of direct primaries, and provision for a constitutional initiative. Altogether this is an extraordinary message—not beyond criticism, of course, but stirring and courageous.

AT last we begin to have indictments of the "higher-ups" in the war frauds. Joseph F. Guffy, who was sales director under A. Mitchell Palmer when that odoriferous official was Alien Enemy Property Custodian, and Martin E. Kern, the dummy purchaser of the enormously valuable assets of the Bosch Magneto Company, have both been indicted by a Federal grand jury in connection with matters supplementary to the main investigation of a transaction which has given rise to endless rumor, report, and scandal. More startling because unexpected is the indictment of Benedict Crowell, one of Mr. Wilson's assistant secretaries of war, and of six other members of the Emergency Construction Committee of the Council of National Defense, all of them men of prominence in the contracting world. The Washington special grand jury to investigate war graft has specified more than fifty of their overt acts, charging them with fraud and favoritism in connection with contracts for the erection of cantonments, port terminals, warehouses, and fortifications. This is progress, but there is a lot still to be done, notably in the War Department, where Secretary Weeks still remains silent, so far as we are aware, as to the charges made against his department by the *American Legion Weekly*. War, no matter how holy and sanctified it may be dubbed by those who foist it upon a people, inevitably means graft, corruption, and crookedness. When the lid is lifted from some more of these war transactions in the name of piety, democracy, and dollar-a-year patriotism, the American people will have additional reason to blush.

AS to the wickedness of criticizing judges and courts, especially when the critics are workingmen, we hear much from conservatives. It is a crime second only to declaring the Constitution of the United States outworn and a back number. Well, it is serious, indeed, when the people of a country lose faith in their courts and their judges. But who is responsible for this loss of confidence, here? Primarily the legal profession that permits the court procedure to become so involved and so long-drawn-out and so costly as frequently to result in a denial of justice to the poor. And secondly the appointing powers who choose for high judicial office men not so much for their judicial ability and temperament as for their political services or usefulness to the powers that own America. We are moved to these reflections once more by finding on one page of a recent issue of a New York daily these items:

WASHINGTON, December 28.—President Harding today nominated Marcus B. Campbell for United States District Judge for the Eastern District of New York, and Francis A. Winslow for the Southern District of New York. Mr. Campbell is well known in political circles in Brooklyn, and Mr. Winslow has been one of the lieutenants of William L. Ward, the Republican leader of Westchester County.

WATERTOWN, New York, December 28.—Edward N. Smith, today appointed Supreme Court Justice by Governor Miller, is a leading member of the Jefferson County Bar and has been active in the councils of the Republican Party for years.

Precisely. They are lawyers, of course, but the layman wonders if they would have been considered at all had they not been prominent in the councils of the party.

ROSEWOOD, Florida, has given dramatic support to the campaign of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for a Federal anti-lynching bill. Eighteen Negro homes and a Negro church have been burned, and five Negroes and two white men shot to death in a series of deliberate outrages in which the entire white population of Rosewood seems to have participated. One Negro was murdered because he carried in his wagon a Negro for whom the white mob was hunting. The two white men were shot from a Negro home to which they were setting fire. After this madness the local officers stated that "the situation in the entire vicinity was quiet and they anticipated no further trouble." Next day twelve more Negro homes were burned while a crowd of more than a hundred men—more than Rosewood's entire male white population—looked on, and one Negro, who had gone to his employer for protection, was turned over to a mob which took him to the fresh graves of his mother and brother, killed in the previous fighting, and there shot him in cold blood. Again we are informed that "in the opinion of the officers the fires marked the end of the racial disturbances." No one could be found afterward who would say he had seen the houses fired. There has been no indication that the authorities of Levy County or of the State of Florida were even interested in the fate of these Negroes. Meanwhile Louisiana is learning the truth about the disgusting mob violence within her borders, but is making small progress

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toward punishing it. Will Southern Senators arise once more to expound the time-hallowed doctrine of State's rights and declare that their native commonwealths will attend to their own business without Federal pressure?

A GREAT deal of good serviceable indignation has been wasted in fulminations against Mr. Nansen's proposal to avoid future trouble by transferring all the Turks to Turkey and all the Greeks to Greece. Some of the indignant might have tempered their protests had they realized that the present proposal is, as the Sofia *Echo de Bulgarie* puts it, a "Cretan conception," only a little harsher version of what M. Venizelos wrote into the Treaty of Neuilly with the full approval of the good Allies who signed that document. All Bulgarians residing in the Bulgarian territory handed over to Greece were *ipso facto* to become Greeks, unless they chose to opt for Bulgarian nationality, in which case they "must within the succeeding twelve months transfer their place of residence to the state for which they have opted." The treaty generously added: "They may carry with them their movable property of every description."

THE Irish Free State Government has learned all the tricks of the trade of "governing" hostile minorities. They have imprisoned thousands of rebels, they have executed leaders—first held as hostages and then killed in reprisal for acts of others; now they are suppressing the opposition press. The *Bulletin*, a small Republican sheet formerly edited by Erskine Childers and Liam Mellowes, has been raided and its career ended. Ammunition is supposed to have been found on its premises. We are glad that the *Bulletin* survived long enough to print the issue that has just reached our desk containing the last letter of Liam Mellowes written to his mother from Mountjoy Prison on the morning of his execution. In it he says: "Let no thought of revenge or reprisals animate the Republicans because of our deaths. . . . The path the people of Ireland must tread is straight and true, though narrow. . . . It is a hard road but it is the road our Savior followed—the road of sacrifice. The Republic lives: our deaths make that a certainty. . . ." Unfortunately the fine spirit shown by Mellowes and his comrades at the moment of their death seems to animate few of the living on either side. The Sinn Fein Convention at Dublin has given us our first hope that counsels like those of Mellowes are beginning to be heeded; it has sent out an appeal to the people of Ireland to help it in securing "a just and permanent peace." If the Free State ever hopes to be looked upon as a civilized government it will go more than half-way in arranging parleys with its brother enemies.

NEWS, unlike the poet, is often made, not born. Take Mosul in Mesopotamia. Dispatches from Angora, Mustapha Kemal's capital, reported on January 2 that the Kurds of the Mosul region had revolted against the British. This the British Colonial Office promptly denied, adding that the source of the news—Angora via Constantinople—was sufficient to prove it false. The inference—that only British news is true news—was obvious. Following this up, on January 8 we were informed that W. T. Massey, the London *Daily Telegraph's* Constantinople correspondent, had heard "from a reliable source" (good old phrase) that the Kurds about Mosul were attacking the Turks. The only inference is that British and Turk are both fighting battles by communiqué—which at least is preferable to bayonets. Jean de Pierrefeu's revelations in "G. Q. G." of the technique of communiqué-making as practiced at French headquarters during the war, however, make these Turkish and British newspaper victories seem rather amateurish. The golden age of news-making passed with the end of the war and the abandonment of the blockade of Soviet Russia.

ALL this high-riding moral protest against Will Hays's decision to let "Fatty" Arbuckle films be shown once more seems to us almost as disgusting as "Fatty" himself. Some of these moralists plainly get a great deal of sensual satisfaction out of explicit denunciations of Arbuckle's excesses. And we cannot endure the self-importance of these censors of other people's morals and arbiters of what it is safe for other folks to see. If the public thinks "Fatty" too disgusting to be seen, it will express itself by staying at home when his films are shown. Our guess is that Arbuckle's films would be a near-failure and that he would find his services very little in demand, because of the moral American public's verdict on his acts. We are content to leave it to the movie-goers to decide. Some of them might philosophically conclude that the chief difference between Arbuckle and some whose films are welcomed is that he got caught and that they have not yet been caught, or that after all the real question was the value of the film. Arbuckle aside, there is a principle at stake. Censorship is stupid enough when applied only to the morals of films, plays, and paintings, but if we begin censoring novels and plays and pictures whenever the morals of the artists who made them run counter to current standards we might as well close the public libraries and the museums of fine arts at once. We would have to bar Goethe, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Leonardo, Burns, and, if late accounts are correct, even Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE Far East could ill afford to lose Robert Young, editor of the Japan *Chronicle*. From him, and almost from him alone, came honest interpretations of dark events and liberal, humane counsels. From the first he opposed the Allied intervention in Siberia; to the end he opposed Japan's continued depredations there. Through all his sharp criticism and refusal to be blinded or beguiled by diplomatic protestations, he remained a friend of Japan and the active supporter of everything that was alive and decent in that country. His death is a loss to us in the West who depended on his insight into Eastern affairs; but it will be an even greater loss to the East, for the East, and Japan in particular, needs desperately the tonic of friendly, intelligent criticism.

FROM Witter Bynner comes the following welcome contribution, which he calls A Cup of Hemlock:

Secretary Fall offered, at the recent Santa Fé fiesta, a silver cup for the Indian tribe excelling in its art.—Press Dispatch.

Beware, you Indians of every tribe,
Do not take it without thinking!
A silver cup may be a deadly gibe—
Look inside it before drinking. . . .
What seems a tribute to your art,
Offered you in generous haste
By a friend and from the heart,
Was but one of thirty pieces
And contains a bitter taste.
Of surveys, titles, grants, and leases.

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Toward an Economic Program for America

NOTHING seems to us more important just now than the working out of an economic program by the liberals in Congress, the Farmer-Labor Party, and the other groups such as the Conference for Progressive Political Action. Without such a carefully thought-out plan action in Congress is certain to be halting and to lack coordination. There should be definite aims looking to fundamental remedies. Otherwise we shall see a repetition of the old error of reformers: they will apply palliatives and not cure the causes.

It is, of course, a commonplace that in this country parties have chiefly been created by a single compelling purpose, or have been formed about a vibrant personality. Today a multitude of ills troubles us, of which no one seems much more vital than the rest, and there is, fortunately, no sensational leader like Mr. Roosevelt to annex the cause to his own personal fortunes and then to abandon it at his convenience. This very fact that there is no single overpowering malady is what makes it so very difficult to form a third party. But it is also another reason for a careful survey of the whole economic situation with a view to concentrating liberal opinion upon certain problems and to focusing the effort to compel one or the other of the old parties to follow along the lines where sound and sane relief lies while the third party is developing.

Today there are certain pressing evils which so profoundly affect the prosperity and happiness of whole sections of the republic that many of our citizens are in danger of confusing passing grievances with evils which grow out of a faulty or outworn economic system. Take the situation in the Northwest. Few in the East realize the gravity of it; few understand that banks, merchants, and farmers are facing ruin; that the railroads out there have all but broken down; that harvests, the proceeds of tense toil and bitter self-denial, are rotting in the fields or are dumped by the wayside for lack of warehouses, elevators, and box-cars, as well as for lack of European markets. Doubtless improvement in the railway situation and a fortunate change for the better in Europe would do wonders in pacifying the chief sufferers. To grant additional bank accommodation to the farmers would help them, but it would not change the marketing conditions which make the agriculturist's life an agonizing succession of a prosperous year or two followed by several lean ones, with the farmer coming nearer and nearer to desperation. Obviously such fortuitous remedies would do much to reconcile the farmers to their lot. But if there is to be real leadership in Congress, a real move toward economic freedom, then the members of the liberal bloc and their supporters must be ready when the next Congress assembles with a program which looks not to the immediate need but to the future.

Toward that program we wish to set down here again a few of the constructive suggestions which have appeared in these columns from time to time. Many others could be added, but these five are fundamental and far-reaching and strike directly at economic privilege. The first is free trade. Nothing is more important at this stage of the world's history, and no single economic move on the part of the United States would do so much for the restoration of the entire world as for us to take the lead in the direction of free and unhampered trade. *The Nation* has been urging this policy for half a century and there never has been a period during all this time when the need for it was as pressing and its power for good so indescribably great. We are aware, of course, that some of the farmers were deluded into support of the infamous Fordney tariff; all the more reason for sound economic leadership today to show them that there can be no lasting agricultural prosperity without foreign markets, and that the quickest and surest way to win those markets and to hold them is by leveling our absurd tariff barriers. These artificial restraints merely play into the hands of unscrupulous merchants who are today selling gloves that cost 50.3 cents per pair at $2, clocks which cost $2.21 for $30, knives that cost 43 cents per dozen for $3.60 per dozen, and a Haviland china set for $150 which cost the merchant not much over $30. It would not be a difficult task to demonstrate this wholesale swindling to the masses and to develop an effective movement of protest.

As for the nationalization of coal mines and railroads, and their operation—not by the Government, but by democratic industrial management—that is as certain to come as anything can be in our political life. Both industries have nearly broken down under private operation for private profit. Today no one can be found outside of actual mine-owners to defend the present system of coal mining, which is chaotic, wasteful, feudal, and often wickedly cruel to the workers, as in West Virginia. It results in the robbery of the public and the starving of our cities, in which coal, which can be loaded on cars at the mine for $5.20 a ton, is sold for $15. The railroads are themselves compelling government ownership, by the short-sighted, wasteful methods of their executives and their failure to keep themselves properly equipped with properly repaired rolling stock. The only way out now is government operation or government ownership and management by a joint board of representatives of the government, the public, and the workers. The progressive bloc has no more important duties than to grapple with this problem and to work out a plan for taking over railroads and mines. The determination of Governor Smith of New York to confer upon the municipalities of his State the right to own and operate all public utilities, including bus lines, is a clear enough indication whither the events trend.

No progressive economic program can fail to include a plan for the elimination of the exploiting middleman. At hand lies an effective remedy for most of our marketing ills: the cooperative system, which has had such wonderful results in Denmark, England, Russia, and elsewhere, which is today the hope of great masses abroad. Finally, there can be no adequate reform platform which does not include within it a demand for a restudy of the land problem and the amelioration of existing conditions, under which we are turning into a nation of great landowners and of tenant farmers.

With these five points we today rest our case, suggesting that if the liberal forces of the country can go to the next Congress and to the country with clear-cut, far-reaching proposals along these lines the effect upon our political and economic development will be so tremendous that they will dominate the situation by the compelling force of sound economic doctrine.

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Wanted—A German Gandhi

HERE once more is *Deutschland's Schicksalsstunde.* Will she, as in 1914, give heed to the preachers of violence and the prophets of another war? Will she, as in 1919 and 1920 and 1921, follow men who protest loudly that they can't, then sign promises that they can, and finally achieve more than they had said was their utmost but less than they had solemnly sworn they would, leaving themselves and their country more discredited than ever? Or will this new crisis, when the French finally follow their mad militarists and carry out their oft-repeated threat to invade the Ruhr, produce in a Germany worn by long suffering and disillusioned by the failure of old slogans, old leaders, and old methods, a new type of leadership, the only kind of leadership which can help Germany today? What Germany needs in this hour is a Gandhi, an expression of the soul, not the fist, of the nation, a prophet of that inward resistance which alone can avail nations today against the force of greater arms.

It was not the little Belgian army on the Yser that carried Belgium's message all around the world in war time; it was Cardinal Mercier, Burgomaster Max, the men and women who refused, in the face of the omnipotence of the German army, to bow their spirits. It was Terence MacSwiney's magnificent readiness to die a lingering death for his country, and the united people's will that he expressed, more than guerrilla warfare which won Ireland's cause. It is Mohandas Gandhi, the ascetic prophet of non-cooperation, who has made it possible for Hindu and Moslem to unite in their cry for Swaraj, who has sapped the foundations of British rule in India, and swept India's struggle into the consciousness of the callous West. What Germany needs is a German Gandhi.

Yet we doubt much whether this sick and tortured nation has the united strength to produce or follow such a leader. Germany is probably too much like the United States, too little like India. It has too much the habit of violence, too much trust in force, too little of the mysticism of the East. Yet if it could be accomplished no answer to the French invasion would be more effective than the practice of non-cooperation. If the miners and the technical men of the Ruhr were brave and united enough simply to refuse to work for the French; if they could have the long vision to spurn the French offers of soup kitchens, and pay in higher-valued francs, they would give the immediate and effective reply to the French attempt to win by force what is in the chaos of these aftermath-days economically impossible. Fine as was Chancellor Cuno's offer of an anti-war pact, guaranteed by reference of the question of war to the votes of German men and women, a national will is needed. "Fear of German passive resistance rather than active opposition" is worrying France, according to Paris dispatches to the New York *World* and *Times*. Therein lies Germany's opportunity; will she have the courage and vision to seize it?

Meanwhile a responsibility rests upon the rest of the world. Not all in France, and few in the rest of the world, believe that this invasion is justified in the letter or spirit of the treaty, or in moral right, or in economic wisdom. It is the confirmation of Cassandra-prophecies for which some of *The Nation's* determinedly optimistic readers have long abused us. It is the desperate act of wild statesmen who face a ruin of their own making, and are willing to wreck all Europe rather than admit their own madness. It brings measurably nearer that eclipse of all for which the word "Europe" stands, which so many have predicted and so few have believed possible. And in these dark days, comparable only to the feverish last week of July, 1914, Bonar Law stands aside with a gesture of polite deprecation, because his hands are bound by the oily bargain of Mosul, and Mr. Hughes mildly complains that he can do nothing because the French have not taken his advice! Well, if Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Hughes are so determined to offend no one, they still have one unoffending course open to them. Let them insist that France heed the terms of the very treaty to which she professes such devotion. England denies her right to isolated action, and Article 13 of the Treaty of Versailles, part of the Covenant of the League, begins thus:

> The Members of the League agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration and which cannot be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject-matter to arbitration.
>
> *Disputes as to the interpretation of a treaty . . . are declared to be among those which are generally suitable for such arbitration.*

The moot point today is the interpretation of Article 18 of Annex II to Section 1 of Part VIII of the Treaty of Versailles. Most of the treaty calls for joint Allied action. This little article, tucked obscurely away in a small-type annex, reads:

> The measures which the Allied and Associated Powers shall have the right to take, in case of voluntary default by Germany, and which Germany agrees not to regard as acts of war, may include economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals and in general such other measures as the *respective* Governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances.

Upon that little word *respective* the French base their claim to a right to occupy the Ruhr and to seize its mines and the forests of the Rhineland whatever their Allies may say. England disagrees with that interpretation. Would it not be impossible for France to persist if England or the United States were to say to France: *By the terms of the very treaty to which you profess such utter devotion you must submit that alleged right to arbitration!*

The Hunt for Happiness

IT is but natural that people should want to be healthy and happy. Most of them would hardly be able to define their notion of what happiness, for themselves, would mean. But they feel aches and lacks and dissatisfactions and confusions, and since they have never been taught that wisdom, which is hard to come by, may help them out, they run after nostrums. This is flat commonplace. It is not without importance to the reflective mind to point out that today, and not by any means in America alone, people run after the same nostrums after which they ran in the years that followed the Thirty Years' War, the same ones that were so popular in the declining years of Rome.

The latter parallel is striking and instructive. Occult Eastern rites were brought to Rome; people were healed by magic of all sorts; Isis had her temple in the Eternal City, and the disillusioned matrons of the outworn aristocracy drifted thither for a healing of their largely fancied ills. There was only one whom that world was slow to heed:

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a pacifist, a non-resister, a good deal of a communist, and a moral revolutionary who swept away all the arguments of the conservatives about saving the state and property and the institutions founded by the fathers with the simple but ineffably devastating and far-reaching remark that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Him the world did not heed until time and tradition and credulity had made of Him, too, a healer, a magician, and a myth.

It is extraordinarily interesting and, to the historical mind, not a little saddening, to watch the religious notices in the New York Sunday press. There is Christian Science, popular, powerful, and almost conservative now. But there is also a "divine science" that competes in the art of healing. And there is, of all grotesque things in the world when you consider the saving intellectualism of the race, a "Jewish Science," and rabbis who preach Sunday sermons on Health and Faith. All these are nothing in their pretensions to what one might call the free-lances of the New Healing and the New Thought. There is a lady who calls herself a "curative psychologist and personality builder," and declares that she has helped many to "health, happiness, and success." There is a gentleman who proposes to establish the "volitional empire," a lady who promises to heal you of your habits, a lady and gentleman who teach "healing in the involuntary way." There is still another lady who preaches on How to Get the Things You Want and there are various other "healing services," and "hours of prayer and healing" and lectures on Stock-Taking for Success. The lady responsible for the latter performance adds with an almost sweet simplicity: "These lectures are helping people in business. They will help you." The Theosophists top off this whole display with their discourses on "psychism, occultism, and magic," their "letters on occultism," and their promise to teach you the "secret doctrine." You glance upward and away from these and you see that, at the Church of the Ascension, the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant is going to preach on The Immoralities of Religion, and you take heart. But not for long. You may be sure that the conventicles and esoteric lecture halls are crowded with eager seekers, and that the intellectuals who hear Dr. Grant are in substantial agreement with him anyhow. And next some one of whom you had thought better drops in to bore you about Coué. You retire into a corner murmuring: "O miseras hominum mentis, o pectora caeca!" It is cold comfort.

All these people who hunt for happiness want to be saved without being born again. They do not want to change their social habits or views, or to think hard, or to seek for the causes of things, or to undergo the discipline of scientific and philosophical culture. They want to go on living in the economic and social institutions of Main Street and then, by some formula or charm or bit of downright magic, be cured of the ills which those very institutions and the habits bred by those institutions and laws have caused. They want a plaster, but really no cure at all. You will rarely find a true liberal or radical in their ranks. They want war *and* inner peace, sex-slavery *and* harmonious human relations, unbridled capitalism *and* unvarying business success for themselves. Jesus is too radical for them, and Goethe too immoral, and science too upsetting. They want magic and the moon. To understand them thus is perhaps one way of helping them; it is, at least, a safeguard against becoming involved with them oneself.

In Gratitude

WE should be exceptionally graceless editors did we fail to record our profound appreciation of the response that has come from our readers to our appeal for additional support for *The Nation*. From all parts of the country have come evidences of good-will in the shape of new subscriptions. But far more stimulating and encouraging are the letters which accompany them, breathing a generous spirit almost overwhelming for a group of workers conscious of their own shortcomings and tortured by the visions of the kind of weekly they would try to print were they possessed of unlimited means for the enterprise. No one in America has as yet produced the critical liberal weekly which the editors of *The Nation* would like to publish. Hence their gratitude that such results as they have been able to achieve have at least bound together in good-fellowship a growing group of men and women united in the desire for a better world.

These are the hardest times which ever confronted editors; they are required not only to pass judgment upon events which are without parallel and precedent, but are called upon for constructive plans for the reorganization of all society as to any one of which the ablest thinkers fail to agree. If they can succeed in keeping some people's faith alive, in reminding others that there are eternal principles and sound teachings to which men can cling fast and by which they may safely steer their course; if they can keep clear their own faith in humanity, and ever rejoice in pleading the cause of the lowly and oppressed—then they perhaps may feel that they have not altogether labored in vain through good and bad repute. These letters of good-will which have poured in upon us have by no means as yet assured the independence and permanence of this experiment in independent journalism, but they have immensely encouraged us and "uplifted our spirits."

If we smile at the subscriber who damns the circulation manager for sending *him* invitations to renew his subscription and swears that "if he doesn't keep *The Nation* coming to me I'll sue him for damages," the reader who tells us that "it is hard to live on a pension of $50 a month, but here's my $5" arouses very different emotions, and so does the farmer who writes that he cannot this year make Christmas gifts to wife or children, but that he cannot forgo *The Nation*. Equally moving is the note from a prisoner of conscience in Leavenworth who rejoices in being able to subscribe now to the "best weekly magazine in the world," with his "regret that my position will not allow me to acquire a new subscriber." From many another reader come the words which please us most: "You have given me fresh hope when I had lost faith, and the courage to believe that this poor old world can be set upon the right track. I could not do without a single issue." From beyond seas, too, come similar messages, and it is pleasant to hear from an international traveler of renown that on a recent trip to India, China, and Japan he found *The Nation* on sale and everywhere talked about. Fortunately, the other kind of letters of which we print an example in our correspondence columns, keep our feet upon the ground, and will, we hope, keep us from taking ourselves or our mission too seriously. We are not forgetful that it is not our own interests alone which are at stake, but the cause of independent liberal journalism in America.

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The *Public Ledger*: A Muffed Opportunity

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, the Henry Ford of the magazine industry, has without doubt done more to mechanize and standardize the public mind of America than any other man. The London *Times* once secretly employed an ex-clergyman to go to the coffee-houses and other places of public resort to find out how the majority of those he talked with felt on a pending issue. Believing that a newspaper, as well as God, must be on the side of the larger battalions, it withheld its own news until its ex-clergyman reported. Then it thundered—and people said: "How wise the *Times* is; that is just what I think." Cyrus Curtis has also employed *agents interrogateurs* for this purpose, but he himself interpreted the mind and the hearts of what abroad would be called the "lower and middle class." With courage, skill, ability, and luck in picking executives, he achieved a result which is popularly believed to net him such part of ten millions a year as the income tax permits him to retain.

Then there came a day when, success having crowned his efforts with the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mr. Curtis felt he could leave to his Boks and Lorimers the conduct of those papers and could look for new fields to conquer. So he purchased the *Public Ledger*, for generations one of the staidest of Philadelphia's institutions, a perfect embodiment of the conservatism and propriety of Rittenhouse Square, as well as of its dulness and its sanctimoniousness. Despite its national reputation it had gradually faded into a state of not shabby but penurious gentility toward the close of the George W. Childs proprietorship and that of George W. Ochs. Here was an event, indeed. A past-master in the magazine field, with unlimited means, had obtained control of one of the most widely known American dailies. Surely, it was thought, the world will now see a notable journalistic development, the revivifying of a great institution along original lines. The Midas touch must bring forth millions here.

It was in 1913 that Mr. Curtis bought the *Ledger*—ten years ago. He has now played with it long enough to prove that his dream of creating a national newspaper was a dream and nothing more. Millions have been lavished upon it. Endlessly has it been advertised (even as the *Manchester Guardian* of America!). It is, we are told by no less an authority than David Lloyd George, more frequently quoted in England than any other American daily—but it is and remains—a muffed opportunity. True the morning edition—now beginning to go backwards—still has 94,607 readers and the *Evening Ledger* has grown from 92,022 to 177,564 in eight years, while the sales of the Sunday issue have more than doubled since 1917 and by October 1, 1922, had reached the handsome figure of 218,423. It is also a fact that Mr. Curtis is building for it a home which will in all probability be the finest newspaper home in the country—unless the Chicago *Tribune's* new structure should excel it. But the newspaper which dwells alongside the *Saturday Evening Post*, for all its excellent qualities and features, is without originality or distinction, and without true spirit. It has not been able to rise without the vulgar comic section or the Sunday pictorial, and the usual spread-headed Sunday features. It has what most people believe to be an admirable section devoted not merely to the news of Wall Street but to the news of trade and commerce. With this section it claims to have pioneered. If so it is the only strikingly original departure of the *Ledger* under Mr. Curtis. The brain that found the brains to build his magazine along new lines which every other similar magazine today imitates has not found the men to build up the *Ledger* as solidly, sanely, and broadly as the Baltimore *Sun*, nor win similar public friendship. This, despite the fact that the morning *Ledger* has created a remarkable foreign service which it has widely syndicated; that Colonel House has been one of its political commissioners; that William Howard Taft wrote for it for months on end many of the dullest and most short-sighted editorials that ever saw the light of day; and that many other celebrities have contributed to its columns. It has done about everything the ordinary successful newspaper resorts to, yet if my information is correct the two newspapers are only just making both ends meet in a city which is not overburdened with dailies.

What is the answer? It is probably to be found in Mr. Curtis himself, in his uncertainty as to just what he has tried to achieve, and in his own philosophy of life. He has honestly wanted to make a national newspaper but he has failed, first because it never occurred to him that a national newspaper could not be published in Philadelphia, and second because he never clearly understood just what a national newspaper is and ought to be. If he really wanted the *Ledger* to be the *Manchester Guardian* of America, then he either did not know what the *Guardian* was, or he failed to find another great liberal editor like Mr. C. P. Scott and give him complete control. Mr. Curtis seems debarred from appreciating what this particular nation, as apart from the "lower middle class," would desire in a national organ, or from making his daily "popular" in the best sense of the word. He is wisely proud of his rise from lowly beginnings and so he ought to sympathize with all groups of Americans. But the change in Mr. Curtis's financial status has had the same effect upon him that it has had upon so many others—it has placed him in the society of the rich, the privileged, and contented. He goes daily to the Union League Club, there to meet his friends as a super-giant among giants and from this Olympian height he deigns to give his fellow-Americans the benefit of his own views, to instruct them as to what they ought to have and what they should become. They should, of course, conform to his own example and achieve success as he has achieved it. There is and can be no question in his own mind that his ideas as to life, work, and social relations are the only correct ones; it indubitably troubles him that anybody can question that. His absolute sincerity is childlike beyond question and his belief has been that he was certain to accomplish his end, and to duplicate his other business successes if only he advertised this venture sufficiently and spent enough money buying "features." To this must be added that if his newspaper shows any sign of leaving the paths which the Union League Club believes in as well as Mr. Curtis, the *Public Ledger's* owner is certain to hear of it promptly. Moreover, despite his frequent trips to Europe,

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he is amazingly ignorant of the fundamentals of the present European entanglement; indeed, of much that is commonplace to any reasoning reader of the *Public Ledger*.

So the wonder is that this daily has been as liberal as it occasionally has been. There is no ground for surprise that its editorial page has been vacillating and contradictory and that its character is not yet well defined. During 1917-1918, there was a period when, with men like William C. Bullitt and Lincoln Colcord writing for it, the *Ledger* made its greatest strides toward becoming a newspaper of wide influence in official, political, and journalistic circles—its circulation jumped from 59,000 to 82,000 in a year during this episode. It began to develop an interesting and, for Philadelphia, a somewhat original foreign policy—it even leaned toward the recognition of Russia and especially toward a humane treatment of that great and greatly unfortunate country. For a while it looked as if the *Ledger* were going to follow the lead of its Washington office; it would certainly have been a fine stroke of journalism if it had developed that Russian policy editorially and stuck to it. But apparently the Union League Club was too strong. The time came when the Russian tactics changed; the brilliant, far-sighted Washington correspondents left its service, and the liberal editorials, which the fraternity attributed to Colcord and Bullitt, disappeared.

During this time and until December 1, 1922, the editor-in-chief was John J. Spurgeon, not a commanding or dominant figure, but a liberal at heart, a clear thinker, a humane man, saddened and rendered rather cynical by his experience of life—like many another journalist. He was, moreover, greater as a news-man than as an editor and formulator of policies. As I write there is no explanation of his retirement from his post. Perhaps Mr. Curtis held him responsible for the slump in the morning edition's circulation; perhaps Mr. Spurgeon slipped in one liberal editorial or article too many; perhaps, as he has been known to do, he opposed one of Mr. Curtis's pet policies too forcibly, and that opposition became the last straw. At any rate Mr. Spurgeon has the respect of those who worked with him. Many of them felt that he was attempting the impossible, but they never lost faith in his sincerity. It is the old story of the newspaper editor, in need of his daily bread, coming into contact with the rich owner and compromising here and there in order to continue to be of service in a great position until an impasse is reached. Sometimes the editorial writer is a mere cynical sycophant; for that part Mr. Spurgeon was not cast. But he was placed in an untenable position from which he now goes forth a free man; much appeared during his editorship which he must regret.

The truth is that, especially of late, the editorial page has wobbled a great deal. The criticism one hears most often from the *Ledger's* critics is the uncertainty of its policies and its lack of editorial information as to the hidden motives in the political life of its city and State. Its rival, the *North American*, knows far more about what is really going on and what the political, big-business, and railroad rulers of Pennsylvania are up to than does the *Ledger*, and so does the *Inquirer*. But the *Ledger* has usually stood against the political exploiters. It royally supported Mayor Blankenburg during his reform administration, and voluntarily threw its support to Gifford Pinchot in his successful campaign for the governorship. It is indubitably independent politically, though it would hardly be found supporting a Democrat for President or attacking a Republican tariff—instead of denouncing the proposed ship subsidy robbery, it pussyfooted by calling for more study of the problem and greater knowledge. But the *Ledger's* usual support of reform causes in the city and State and nation is weakened by the unsteadiness already referred to and the extremely uneven quality of the writing of its editorial page. Thus one day it belittled the attack upon Attorney General Daugherty as probably unjustifiable if not inspired by improper motives; a few days later it declared that Daugherty, innocent or guilty, had got to go. It attacks the liberals ("hungry," it said, "for the spoils, privileges, and powers of office") who would amend the Constitution; it is discreetly silent when it is President Harding who demands two amendments forthwith.

Most extraordinary of all, it printed on November 11, 1922, an editorial showing how completely the promises and hopes of Armistice Day, 1918, have become "ashes and dust"; how entirely the peace has failed—is it, the *Ledger* asked, "because humanity is inherently selfish, sordid, and careless?" By the time the evening edition was out it had had second thoughts which it embodied in an editorial entitled The War Against War Did Not Wholly Fail. In this it declared that it is worth remembering that "jingoes and jingoism, ancient afflictions of our civilization, passed forever from power and authority when the armistice was signed"—this just before the time that certain ultra-jingo Greeks were trying and executing ministers, a general, and an admiral for the unsuccessful jingo venture into Turkey, to say nothing of jingoism in fifty other parts of the globe.

It is hard to take seriously the editorial writer of a paper who deals with the problem of the political prisoner in words like these: "What we think of the so-called political prisoners and those who are leading the crusade for their release cannot be printed in a decent, self-respecting journal. It is fit only for the fireside. . . . If the friends of the so-called political prisoners will call at this desk, we'll be delighted to tell them what we think." One would have to search far to find another editorial as full of misstatements about those same political prisoners as the one the *Ledger* printed on October 10, 1922, apropos of Senator Borah's appeal for their release. What is worse, the *Ledger* has knowingly sinned in these matters; the truth has been carried into its offices. Naturally its news columns have taken their color from the editorial page, but the paper did at least print a letter from about twenty citizens who protested against the unfairness of its policy and statements about these prisoners whose presence in our jails gives the lie to our most sacred American pretense to freedom of conscience and of belief. Curiously, its star correspondent, Mr. Lowry, by what must have been a slip of the pen, entirely misquoted a brief on these political prisoners submitted to the Attorney General by Mr. Otto Christensen by which Mr. Christensen was made to say something directly the opposite of that which he did say and thereby to strengthen the point which Mr. Lowry was making. The defenders of the political prisoners naturally did not believe that this was an accident. The *Evening Ledger* has in this respect always been more liberal and dependable than its elder sister.

In the fight for free speech and the liberty of the American individual as made in Philadelphia, the *Ledger* has helped not at all. Yet it is again characteristic of its wobbling policy that it sent Mr. Lowry to write up sympathetically the denials of free speech in Vintondale, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere and that it has at times printed

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articles showing some appreciation of the aspirations of labor. When the coal strike of 1922 came on the *Ledger* insisted that the miners' demands were "indefensible and foolish," but it did admit frankly that that industrial war was inevitable because of the conditions in this "half-feudal, chaotic industry." In 1919, the *Ledger* was even more violent, declaring that "under the circumstances, a strike of the miners would be 'treasonable' and should be treated as such." In the steel strike of the same year it wanted to "Rip the Roof Off the 'Red' Mystery," and it did everything in its power to make believe that the strike was revolutionary in its purpose and bolshevik in its inspiration. Then it played the Gary game to the queen's taste. But it warns its capitalistic friends that if "capital intends to continue its fight against unionism as it has a right to do it must abide by the new rules of the game. There is a revolt within its own ranks [the Rockefeller position] that will force it to do so."

In foreign affairs the *Ledger* has always inclined somewhat to the League of Nations and thinks that sentiment for it is now reviving in America. It feels that the Allies "have bowed their faces in the dust of the Near East," but it rejoices that Harding did not enter the Lausanne Conference. Before it found that Harding was planning a general foreign economic conference it expressed itself thus: "America insists that until Europe begins to disarm, pay its debts, and reduce its budgets, until outgo falls within income, it is useless to bother us for financial help or to make a beggar's plea in avoiding just debts." To render a special service to this country abroad the *Ledger* has announced (October 5, 1922) that "In the interests of a better understanding between the peoples who make up nations and create governments and policies of those nations the *Public Ledger* has joined with certain of the great newspapers of the Old World in placing before their readers a weekly summary of the current political affairs and national happenings in America. These dispatches will be published in England and on the Continent." As already stated, both papers have devoted a remarkable amount of space to a most praiseworthy effort to give their readers accurate pictures of what is happening abroad. With all its defects the conclusion is inevitable that, editorially such as it is, the *Public Ledger* is the most liberal of Philadelphia's dailies and the most consistent and outspoken advocate of home rule and of political, administrative, and financial reform within the city. How much more it could accomplish were those responsible for it to cling fast to approved journalistic ideals, each reader can judge for himself.

These papers have, for instance, of late appreciably lowered their tone in the matter of the reporting of murders, scandals, and sensations of all kinds. The reliability of the reporting has fallen off quite as markedly as that of the New York papers; there are men prominent in the social and political life of Philadelphia who are so outraged by the *Ledger's* garbling of their words that they will no longer make any statements to the *Ledger* and prefer to have their activities ignored by it. The unusual charge is even made that the *Ledger* has frequently not respected the sanctity of statements made to it in confidence. Whatever the truth as to this, the *Public Ledger* gives many evidences that there is much to be done in the way of internal reconstruction and management. Mr. Curtis is a liberal and unusually kindly employer—though able to discharge editors at times with amazing suddenness and ruthlessness —and is reputed to pay higher wages than any other journalistic employer in Philadelphia. But there is far more to successful office management than that.

It surely goes without saying that under Mr. Curtis the advertising columns of the *Public Ledger* have been as clean as a whistle in their contents. Yet it is interesting to find that even under Croesus the *Ledger* has not always been able to see beyond its nose when news unfavorable to a department-store advertiser was abroad. Philadelphia has been with Pittsburgh one of the worst of our cities in the domination of the press by the great department-store advertisers—some of the newspapers offering themselves for prostitution with complete harlotry, while others like the *Bulletin* have stood out well against encroachments upon their freedom of utterance. The *Ledger* ought always to have been free and unmuzzled if only because the loss of even several advertising contracts could have added but a trifle to the superb deficits which Mr. Curtis carried so nobly. But that has not been the case. It makes anyone who has worked in Philadelphia journalism smile to look over the *Ledger's* record—it is all so familiar a story. There is the Gimbel Brothers' department store, for instance, always a tender subject with Philadelphia dailies. In 1914-1915 an Alumnae Committee of Bryn Mawr College called attention to the fact that Gimbel's was one of several stores that did not conform to the fire laws. The *Manchester Guardian* of America could find no space for such a trifling item of news. Even when the fire marshal brought suit against the store the *Ledger* could not see that there was any news value to the fact. On February 17, 1915, the *Ledger* suddenly altered its attitude toward the incident, then to give space to a statement from the firm denying the charge which the *Ledger* had never printed. On June 5, 1916, there appeared a news article to the effect that the suit had been stopped, the firm having decided to build the fire walls demanded by the fire marshal.

On May 18, 1920, the Gimbels were indicted for profiteering in certain articles of food. Again the *Public Ledger* was mute, but it found room for a half page of Gimbel advertising; the indictment interested the *Evening Ledger* to the extent of nearly a half column on page two. Curiously enough, however, this story could not be found in the next edition. A month later the *Public Ledger* did report on two occasions the indictment of the New York Gimbel store for profiteering in clothing. Prior to the Curtis ownership, when all the Philadelphia morning dailies were silent about the arrest of a member of the Gimbel family, the *Ledger* was among them. During the Curtis ownership, it is needless to say, the *Ledger* index contains such interesting and vital news items as that a Gimbel was "host to waifs at circus," "host to school friends," or chosen president of this or that club. As for the Wanamaker store, it had a strike of upholstery workers during which the store was rather conspicuously picketed. Thousands who passed the store knew of the strike, but not the *Ledger's* readers until October 6, 1917, when a two-inch item (the only item relating to the strike that a search of the files and the *Ledger* index reveals) announced that after four weeks the upholstery workers still refused to go back to a certain store whose name was not mentioned!

During the strike of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in 1919 the employers, A. B. Kirschbaum and Company, ran a series of advertisements in the *Ledger*. The anti-union *Ledger* then refused to take the three carefully worded ad-

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vertisements (from the pen of a prominent Philadelphian) offered to it to present the strikers' side of the case. In 1922 the United Gas Improvement Company, the lighting "octopus" of Philadelphia, was indicted by a Federal grand jury for violation of the criminal section of the anti-trust laws. The New York newspapers carried the news conspicuously on their first pages; so did the *North American* in Philadelphia. The *Public Ledger* gave three-quarters of a column to it on the second page and when the indictment was dismissed the *Ledger* forgot to tell its readers about it, although the New York newspapers again informed their readers by means of important display articles. All of which lapses of the *Ledger* are utterly unworthy of it and are a treachery to journalism itself. They suggest neither a national newspaper nor a free one. So one wonders whether Mr. Curtis has been always entirely aware of these incidents; there is much gossip that he does not receive correct reports as to his dailies.

Perhaps there will be a change for the better now that the facile and well-informed pen of Mr. Edward G. Lowry, the successor to Mr. Spurgeon, is to strike the editorial keynotes. An excellent political observer, the author of an entertaining volume of Washington character-sketches, commanding a light and often amusing style, it will be interesting, indeed, to see if he has the needed depth of knowledge and understanding, the courage and the freedom to plumb wisely the swift-flowing economic and political currents of the day. It is by no means yet clear that Mr. David E. Smiley, just appointed by Mr. Curtis, has the qualities necessary for one who is now to be resident executive manager of both dailies under Mr. Lowry. Will he and his editorial associate be permitted to know that the greatest circulation builder is the one of which almost no American daily can avail itself—absolute truth-telling as to what is going on at home and abroad, stripped of lies, hypocrisies, conventionalities, and inspired propaganda? The muffed opportunity is still an opportunity to be retrieved by those who have the open sesame.

And what is the open sesame? Well, first, to learn that business is *not* everything. Then its new managers and its old owner must alike realize, if they would achieve a genuine success—not to be confused with a financial one—that the way to build a truly great paper, to say nothing of a national one, would be to give that newspaper an intellectually honest, consistent, and courageous public-serving personality. It would be to let it stand forth as that newspaper above all others which sought the truth ardently and earnestly, which stood four-square against error wherever made, which was determined to sound the depths of economic law, which held a brief for no set of men and no class of men, and above all for no privileged groups, but set up a journalistic standard to which men of all faiths and all walks of life might repair certain that their views would be received with tolerance, appreciation, and sympathy. This is no unattainable idealistic vision; it is, I believe, precisely what the real *Manchester Guardian* has been aiming to accomplish and has in larger measure than any other daily achieved; but it is what its Philadelphia imitator has not even approached. Again the reason is spiritual. The vision is not there! It is not building a fine foreign service nor enlisting political lights as staff contributors which makes a national and international daily; there must be a *soul*. For years a creature of many opinions but of no convictions, the soul of the *Public Ledger* is still to seek.

The Dictatorship of the Middle Class

By CARLETON BEALS

ON the third day of the "March on Rome," which culminated in the rise to power of Benito Mussolini, head of the Fascist movement, I asked three black-shirts in the Piazza di Spagna to stand against the stacked-up gunny-sacks of bread—part of the invaders' rations—in order that I might take a snap-shot of them. Two were young women, clad in natty, knee-length skirts, black shirt-waists, black stocking-caps, and walking boots. Each carried diagonally over the shoulder a roll of blankets, and about the waist a cartridge belt and revolver. I promised to send the picture to an American newspaper.

"And tell them," put in the young man eagerly, rather ostentatiously displaying his scarlet Fascist stripe, awarded for bravery, "that we are making the new Italy."

I invited them into a café, where I asked: "Tell me, just what is this 'new Italy'?"

Over the young man's swarthy features spread a pained and hostile expression very similar to that of an American when asked to define democracy.

"The new Italy," he floundered, "means that we shall have . . . well, you know . . . a good place to live; every man 'll have a job and enough to eat and—say, do you know France is already scared of us? *Ahime!* She knows she'll have to mind her own business. . . . But say, you believe in Fascism, don't you?" His tone was suspicious.

So much for Fascist idealism. "Youth needs to think in terms of idealism," said Mussolini on the steps of the Department of the Interior. And idealism is a nice word to cloak a movement whose bigotry is in direct proportion to its newness and know-nothingness.

Mussolini himself is not worrying much about idealism. The view from the apex of the Fascist hierarchal pyramid is slightly different from that at the base. He has declared himself a pragmatist, a polite word for poverty of purpose. His one criterion is: Will this measure work here and now? He is a man of lightning action, who has never his life long balked at means. He has much the same methods, though little of the subtlety, of old Porfirio Díaz, dictator of Mexico: "Pan y Palo," "Bread and the Big Stick." Mussolini's utterances since coming into power nearly always begin with a threat and end with a threat; in between he talks reconstruction, tolerance, and trust in God. His speeches make luscious political sandwiches; thick crusts and plenty of filling.

Eighteen months ago I hunted eagerly for definite statements of the Fascist aims and found none at all—just the spectacle of the violent nationalization of the annexed aliens and the maltreatment of Socialists too dazed and pusillanimous to find an effective means of self-defense and too submerged in dogma to grasp the true significance of the new tendency. But today Fascist literature has multiplied. Fascism which was a sentiment, an unrest, a tendency, a reawakening of the ideals that had made Italy in the nineteenth century (and something else), has flowered out with a hundred new suits of theories like some hall-room dandy suddenly heir to a fortune. Fascism is at one and the same time bitterly anti-English and anti-French, and sobbing for the brotherhood of man and the economic unity of Europe.

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It shouts for the annexation of Fiume, Dalmatia, of Malta, Nice, Tunis, and Egypt, and in the same paragraph deplores imperialistic ambitions and denounces the ill-treatment of Germany, though insisting upon a larger share of the reparations for Italy. The doctrines of Fascism are hopelessly eclectic. The Fascisti have been caught red-handed rifling the ideas of Signor Nitti, whose daily papers they have smashed. They have sponged up the enlightened and liberal doctrines of the Popular Party. Their labor program is more organic and revolutionary than the demands made by the Socialists when the factories were actually in the hands of the workers. A book of the hour on Fascism, written by a Fascista, reads like the directions on a package of Lydia Pinkham pills. Nothing incurable by this marvelous preparation. Swallow and trust in God.

Through the whole of Fascist literature runs a lyric lilt, a continual song of liberation and exaltation. And the singing ability of the black-shirts, far more than their cerebral capacities, put them into power. Today everybody is Fascist: even the red *sindacati*, who have stampeded *en bloc* into the movement; and the big steel and automobile trusts of Milan and Turin; even ex-Minister Giolitti, the Clerical Party, and all the members of the old and doddering liberal and democratic groups; and, finally, all the decrepit office-holders, their hands outstretched for compensation for their "life-long" loyalty to Fascism.

At first sight, Fascism seems the essence of violence and revolution; certainly it is the avowed enemy of democracy. This undoubtedly accounts for its genial reception in the United States. It began by forcing the resignations, at the point of the gun, of thousands of local and provincial officials elected by popular suffrage. Its direct action has culminated in the practical abdication of the popular representative body of the nation. Fascism is the offshoot of nationalism and syndicalism, regrafted upon *arditismo*, or post-war, ex-soldier violence. From these elements have been recruited the Fascist leaders; these elements provide the driving force—the fuel for the Fascist motor. But the economic bases of Fascism rest on the middle class: the tradespeople and the peasant proprietors.

In the United States the words "middle class" have a vague connotation of hardwood floors, framed *Saturday Evening Post* covers, neat front-yard lawns, an automobile. But in Italy it has a precise meaning. It is known as the *piccolo borghese*. The gulf between this group and the workers is rather well marked; between the small bourgeoisie and the upper classes, almost uncrossable. The political importance of the tradespeople is perhaps greater than that of the peasants who outnumber them. The peasants are restive, but the very nature of their labor limits their contacts except in certain parts where, on account of the malaria or bandits, they must live in villages on the mountain tops. But the small bourgeoisie in the towns and the cities have immediate contacts. They comprise an emotional yet easy-going group, content to dawdle around their dirty, kerosene-lighted cubby-hole shops and to educate their children sufficiently to see that their sons land a government sinecure or become priests and that their daughters marry a bit above their own station. It was this class that made up the strength of the pre-war Socialist movement and the various reform factions. For this reason the pre-war governments, roughly representative of the tradespeople and, to a lesser extent, the peasants, made paternal and Socialistic concessions. The small bourgeoisie contributed most, financially and morally, to the recent *Santa Guerra*. From this group came most of Italy's five hundred thousand dead; and it was this group that suffered most when armed peace arrived.

The war gave Italian industry elephantiasis. This called into being a variety of skilled workers far removed indeed from the ordinary laborer, yet imbued with Marxian doctrines. And this new group, largely confined to Lombardy and Piedmont, sought to control the Socialist Party. The small traders and shop-keepers were crushed between the thrusts of the revolutionary proletariat and the *pescicani*, or war-profiteers; their business was injured by the dumping of war-goods (including Armour's tinned meats); their standards were cut down by the boycott of the cities by the peasants. The tradespeople soon realized that their very existence was menaced; that they were backing the wrong horse. And Fascism, which had been an expression of war-restlessness, ignorant patriotism, of anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish, and anti-Socialist prejudices, absorbed the traditional *piccolo borghese* of the towns. Simultaneously, the same psychological shift disrupted the Socialist Party, weeding out the pink sheep of the Turatis and the Treves from the sanguine goats of the Serratis and Bombaccis, and discrediting both.

Mussolini has stated his own purpose in simple political terms: "The question is very clear: Demolish the entire social-democratic superstructure. . . ." And the reason for thus destroying the democratic superstructure, which before the war had been traditionally middle class, has been because that superstructure had become the resort of revolutionaries on the one hand, and weakened by war-corruption on the other. The Fascisti, in common with the antecedent Nationalists whom they have quite cannibalistically swallowed, have insisted upon the truism: "The Italian nation was born of a belated liberal revolution and flung half-formed into the turmoil of class struggle." This has frustrated every effort to form a strong state; it threatens the destruction of the existing state. Only one course, they say, in a Europe where the law is nation *versus* nation: "Create the strong state at all costs."

Russia has tried the dictatorship of the proletariat. Hungary has suffered both red and white dictatorship. Why not, to obviate such extremes, create the dictatorship of the middle class? Cloak it with parliamentarianism; call the event a legal revolution; cut the police forces of the state (Mussolini has declared his intention of reducing the royal guard to fifteen thousand men), and rely on the menace of militant Fascist squadrons. At the same time make a patriotic appeal to the workers; create labor Fascism and agrarian Fascism. To balance this, guarantee an ordered state to capitalist investors; abolish feudal and red-tape interference with industry; hold out the bait of bankrupt government-owned industries—"going at a song, gentlemen!"

The preliminaries have been accomplished. Will Mussolini find sufficient backing in a traditionally non-political group? Can he make concessions fast enough to capital and labor? Mussolini must now prove himself a clever bareback rider and jump nimbly from one to another of two horses racing madly in opposite directions around the national sawdust ring. His problem? To change his profession; bridle both circus-steeds and hitch them to one plow, then begin tilling the field for a big crop of national prosperity. Meanwhile the world stamps in the grandstand eating diplomatic peanuts, Signor Mussolini.

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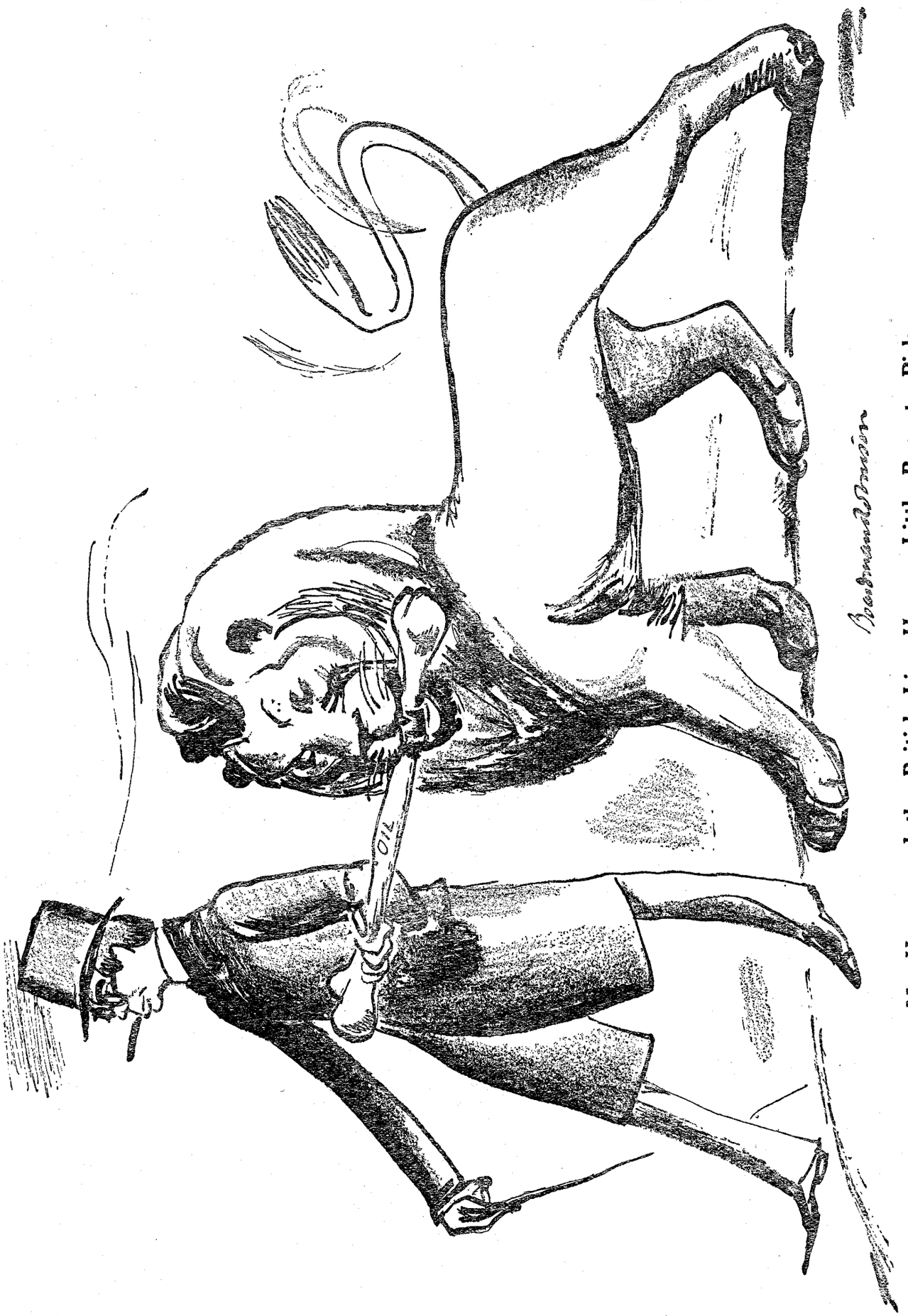

Mr. Harvey and the British Lion Have a Little Bone to Pick

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Pasteur: Adventurer and Guide

By GARY N. CALKINS

ON the occasion of his reception into the Académie Française, Pasteur was thus addressed by Ernest Renan: "That common basis of all beautiful and true work, that divine fire, that indefinable breath which inspires science, literature, and art—we have found it in you. Sir, it is genius." The debt of biology, the debt of medicine, the debt of all science to Pasteur, is a debt to that indefinable breath of which Renan spoke. No one branch of science can claim a monopoly of Pasteur's genius.

Reviewing from the vantage point of today the position which Pasteur occupies in the history of science, free now from the shocks to prejudice and superstition which followed in apparently endless succession from his work, it would seem that the greatest expression of his genius lay in the glorification of scientific method—observation, deduction, experimental proof; through these things his life work, in the words of Renan again, "is like unto a luminous track in the great night of the infinitesimally small, in that last abyss where life is found."

How is it possible to put, in a few words, an adequate expression of the debt of biology to Pasteur? A consummate master of the method of science; not a medical man, yet by his achievements establishing medicine in all its branches on a scientific foundation; not a biologist, yet by sheer force of scientific method able to shape and to securely place the keystone in the arch of our conceptions of living nature. And what a model for all men was his tolerance of the shabby quarters in the garret of the Ecole Normale in the Rue d'Ulm! Here, surely, he demonstrated the fact that achievement is not the reflected radiance of a palace of research, but comes from within.

"Wherever he went," says Duclaux, "Pasteur was an initiator. Guided by an imagination so adventurous and at the same time so well controlled, we are constantly on the borders of new countries, but we journey in security." His mind worked progressively, always building a new edifice on the foundation of a principle which he had previously demonstrated. We irresistibly look back of his final achievements in preventive medicine to his earlier work on splenic fever, and from this, still back to that inspiration—the germ theory of disease—which grew up with his investigations on the cause and prevention of silkworm epidemics. Here again a great generalization was but the crystallization in a mind saturated with varied conceptions of the activities of minute organisms, responsible, as he had shown, for the multiple phenomena of fermentation. And who shall say that the explanation of these phenomena was not the outcome of his early work on the rotary power of crystals and molecular dissymmetry?

Most of Pasteur's great discoveries were the results of investigations undertaken in response to economic or human needs. So it was with fermentation. In 1856 a Lille manufacturer having difficulty in the making of beet-root alcohol, came to Pasteur for advice and the latter consented to make some experiments. As a result of these experiments a new road was opened, a road which was to lead him to some of the most important discoveries in the history of science.

Ideas on fermentation at this time were confused and highly speculative, even those of a master as great as Liebig were little in advance of the shrewd guesses of the seventeenth century. The atomic theories of Descartes had already found their way into chemistry when Willis and later Stahl, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, adopted them in the explanation of alcoholic fermentation. "Every substance," said Stahl, "in a state of putrefaction easily transmits this state to another body still free from decay. Thus it is that a similar body animated already by an internal movement may, with the greatest facility, involve in the same internal movement another body still in repose but disposed by nature to a similar movement." This mystical conception, supported by many of the great chemists of the last century—Lavoisier, Gay-Lussac, Berzelius, Liebig—became firmly established. Lavoisier, infatuated by oxidation, paved the way for Gay-Lussac to see in it the chief agent in fermentation, although indeed he, and Lavoisier before him, had found it necessary to add a little of that corpuscular substance which Leeuwenhoek had discovered in 1680 and which had become known as yeast. Leeuwenhoek himself suspected that the corpuscles in yeast were living organisms, a suspicion confirmed and proved by observations and experiments by Helmholz, Schwann, Kutzing, and Cagniard-Latour in the first half of the nineteenth century. The part played by the living yeast corpuscles formed the crucial problem in fermentation when Pasteur entered the lists. To him Liebig's conception of fermentation was particularly repugnant. This great chemist, while admitting the organic nature of yeast, held that fermentation is due to extremely alterable substances which easily decompose. The molecular activity brought about through this decomposition sets in motion the molecules of the fermentable matter. Yeast, when dead, forms such an alterable substance and imparts its disintegrating activity to the fermentable sugar. Liebig's purely dynamic conception was everywhere accepted and taught, and was applied not only to alcoholic fermentation, but to all decompositions and putrefactions. Why, it was asked, should alcoholic fermentation be dependent upon yeast if other types of fermentation occur when no yeast is present?

Pasteur's solution of the problem is typical of all his work. He struck first at the widely accepted view that fermentations are due to unknown molecular forces. He demonstrated experimentally, first with lactic fermentation, that different kinds of activities of similar nature are brought about through the vital activities of living organisms, and he showed that each type is dependent upon its own specific kind of micro-organism. Nor was he content to rest here. His clear-thinking mind reached beyond the horizon of fermentations to the intricate play of living things whereby the equilibrium of nature is maintained. He saw the part played by micro-organisms in putrefaction and decomposition; he saw how, through their activities, the protein matter and all substances composing the bodies of animals and plants are ultimately reduced to ammonia, carbon dioxide, mineral salts, and water, and restored to the earth to be taken up by green plants where, through photosynthesis, they are brought back again to

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the realm of living protoplasm. He thus added the physical basis of life to Helmholz's principle of the conservation of energy and gave to biology for the first time a sense of the marvelous cycle of matter and energy in living nature.

His studies on fermentation opened up a new series of problems. On every side arose the inevitable question: Whence come these minute living organisms? Do they develop spontaneously, or do they come from preexisting organisms like themselves? In all ages, spontaneous generation has been the refuge of the uninformed and the hopelessly ignorant. Even as late as the seventeenth century, eels, salamanders, lizards, flies, bees, and various other forms of life were regarded as originating by spontaneous generation, and we find a noted chemist of that day gravely handing down to us an infallible recipe for making mice: "Place a piece of soiled linen in a vessel; add a few grains of corn; flavor with a bit of cheese; and in twenty-one days the mice will be there, fully adult and of both sexes." Such views strike us as too silly for belief. But in those days tradition and superstition were powerful factors which few dared to question. Redi, and later Vallisneri, both Italian physicians, were among the first to doubt and to follow up their doubts with experiments. The former proved that flies would not develop from rotting meat if the latter is covered properly by gauze. He noted that flies, attracted no doubt by the odor of meat, deposit eggs on the covering gauze. He saw that larvae develop from the eggs, and flies from the larvae. Vallisneri proved that the worm-like grub found in fruit does not develop from the fruit, but from an egg deposited there by an insect. Little by little the old traditions were replaced by facts and so far as these larger animals are concerned the theory of spontaneous generation was abandoned.

In 1675, however, the world of microscopic life was opened up by the Dutch naturalist Leeuwenhoek. Minute living things were found to develop in pure rain water as well as in all moisture where organic matter is present. How could their origin be explained save through spontaneous generation? The old tradition, reinforced, came back, and experiments analogous to those of Redi and Vallisneri, in the hands of Buffon, Needham, Pouchet, Joly, Bastian, and others, appeared to verify it. Other experiments, with conclusions opposed to spontaneous generation, by Spallanzani, Schultze, Schwann, and others were incomplete and failed to carry conviction. The idea that specific living germs are present in the air was inconceivable and partisans of spontaneous generation certainly had the best of it in argument. "We are mindful," they would say, "of a certain experiment of Gay-Lussac where a small amount of the must of grapes when brought in contact with a few bubbles of air would begin to ferment. You say these bubbles brought with them some germs of yeast but they must bring something else. How could a bubble of air bring germs of yeast into one fluid, something else into an infusion of hay, and still other things into a meat infusion? That makes a great many germs." Pouchet added: "The air thus peopled would have the density of iron."

Armed with his previous experience Pasteur was ready. With infinite patience, experiments were planned and carried out. Nutrient but sterile media in sealed flasks, exposed to heated or filtered air, in the great majority of cases remained sterile; so too when exposed to rarefied mountain air. From his discussions with Pouchet and Joly there followed the conclusive proof that germs are present in the air we breathe; from his discussions with Bastian came the proof that solids and liquids, as well as the air, are carriers of germs. It was from these discussions, particularly from those with Bastian, that the modern technique in bacteriology and in surgery has been developed.

The ghost of spontaneous generation, however, was not yet laid. Notwithstanding the fact that the media used by Pasteur were apparently sterile, and the air supplied was germ-free, an active development of micro-organisms occurred now and then. Such exceptions were eagerly seized by his opponents as evidence that in these flasks only were the proper conditions for spontaneous generation provided. Pasteur's experience had not brought to light the fact that the spores of some organisms have the power to resist prolonged heating at high temperatures which kill actively living germs. This fact was later demonstrated for the first time by Jeffries Wyman. These heat-resistant germs were the cause of fermentation in Gay-Lussac's must of grapes; they developed in Pouchet's sterilized hay infusion, and they were present in Bastian's samples. Gay-Lussac affirmed the phenomenon to be due to oxygen; Pouchet and Bastian to spontaneous generation; Pasteur to germs of the air. All were mistaken. Later it was shown that the heat-resisting spores develop only in the presence of air. Pasteur was right so far as the presence of the germ was concerned; Gay-Lussac, so far as the need of oxygen was concerned; Pouchet and Bastian were hopelessly wrong.

Pasteur was by no means satisfied with his incomplete demonstration that, like higher organisms, all types of germs are derived from germs similar to themselves. He was planning further extensive experiments in this direction when he was called upon to undertake a new and an entirely different type of work. The great silk industry of southern France, already vastly reduced, was threatened with complete ruin by a deadly epidemic among the silkworms. Pasteur was asked to investigate the disease and if possible to provide a remedy. This is the point in Pasteur's career where, if at all, we can draw the line between his achievements in general biology and those in preventive medicine. During the six years from 1865 which he devoted to the silkworm problem there gradually developed in his mind the conviction that many human diseases, like the silkworm disease, are due to micro-organisms. Duclaux writes of this period: " . . . Nothing can be more curious than to see Pasteur at close quarters with a bristling, complicated problem, beginning by being deceived about it, by seeing things the wrong side to, but led back continuously to the truth by experiment, and ending by unraveling all the complications. I do not know a more beautiful example of scientific investigation. It is the first camp on a route wherein he found immortality; the earlier discoveries had given him only glory."

Valéry-Radot quotes Pasteur as saying on one occasion: "A man of science should think of what will be said of him in the following century, not of the insults or the praise of one day." In commemorating Pasteur's one-hundredth birthday this year, audiences throughout the world will know nothing of the insults, but, in this "following century," will unite in one great wave of praise. He did become a teacher, as his father so ardently wished, not indeed in the college at Arbois, not only in the universities of Strasbourg, Lille, or at the Ecole Normale, but a teacher at whose feet the civilized world still sits in grateful appreciation.

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What Lies Back of Foster

By DAVID J. SAPOSS

IN the year that has passed since William Z. Foster launched his "boring from within" campaign it has attracted wide attention. The daily press from time to time has worried over it. Union leaders and the labor press have manifested an even greater concern. At this moment the official organs of the railroad unions are warning their members against the attempts of the "boring from within" element to capitalize the recent shop strike to its advantage. Last spring in Chicago Mr. Gompers turned a meeting called to discuss the aggravated building-trade situation into an attack on Foster and the Trade Union Educational League. Since then most prominent union leaders have found opportunities for similar attacks. Some have officially declared that membership in Foster's Trade Union Educational League is sufficient cause for expulsion from the unions.

This concern is occasioned by the fact that the Trade Union Educational League marks a new turn in radical trade-union tactics. In the early history of the American labor movement the radicals exercised an influence disproportionate to their numbers. Their prestige in the movement can best be gauged by the fact that Terence V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, boasted of carrying a Socialist card. Gompers was also a member of the party, while Daniel De Leon was a pillar of the Knights of Labor. But while the radicals occupied themselves in propagating their doctrines the conservative labor leaders secured control of the organizations. By the early nineties the conservatives felt sufficiently intrenched to ignore the radicals, and even to defy them. The latter launched a campaign to depose the "usurpers." Failing, the majority of the radicals led by De Leon set out in 1895 to organize a truly Socialist trade-union movement in the form of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance. The object was to induce the membership of the established unions to secede and found rival unions. This marks the beginning of conscious, philosophic "dual unionism" in the United States. A few Socialist leaders protested but to no avail. Numbers of dual unions were organized throughout the country. All the dual-union elements joined in 1905 in forming the I.W.W. While they agreed in wanting a revolutionary trade-union movement that would supplant the American Federation of Labor and its subsidiary units, they differed irreconcilably on other tactics. In the struggle the Syndicalist element secured control of the I.W.W. The dual-union adherents of the parliamentary Socialists seceded and founded what became popularly known as the Detroit I.W.W., or the economic wing of the Socialist Labor Party of which De Leon was the guiding spirit.

While the radicals were quarreling over tactics and forming organizations the established trade-union movement continued to grow. The success of the dual-union element lay not in making inroads into the conservative unions, but in organizing unorganized workers. As a result the conservative leaders were left in complete control of the trade-union movement, and without much opposition. Many of the leaders became so bold as openly to expel assertive radicals, or to use other none too subtle means of ridding their organizations of them. They also took advantage of this secessionist tendency to discredit the radicals with the membership by indicating that they were disrupting the duly established economic organizations.

The Socialist Party declared against dual unionism as early as 1896. It urged its followers to remain or join the union of their craft affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Thus was the boring-from-within idea for the first time officially recognized by a radical organization. The new tactic was to remain within the established unions in order to win their members over to revolutionary doctrines. The Socialist leaders, however, flirted with the I.W.W., and continued to devote more energy to attacking Gompers and the conservatism of the American Federation of Labor than to emphasizing this new policy. Gompers and the other trade-union leaders naturally retorted. In this maze of polemical warfare the decision of the party was lost sight of, and the average Socialist continued to support dual unions. Where the Socialists remained in their unions they busied themselves in preaching Socialism and urging support for their party, only incidentally criticizing craft unionism and the other industrial and economic policies of the conservative leaders. Consequently where the Socialists captured unions it was for political radicalism rather than industrial radicalism, as is evidenced by the success of Victor Berger in Wisconsin.

Gradually many radicals interested fundamentally in the industrial transformation of the labor movement also began to realize the fallacy of "isolating themselves from the masses." William Z. Foster was one of this group. As early as 1911 he was instrumental in founding an organization to steer the radicals into the American Federation of Labor unions of their craft. But the Lawrence strike of that year overshadowed these efforts, and encouraged the industrial radical to place his hope in the I.W.W. When this organization began to wane in strength in 1917 Foster once more undertook to interest the radicals in the method of permeation. Hardly had he brought his group together when the United States declared war. This was considered an opportune time for organization rather than education. Foster's activities in organizing the packing and steel industries are well known. With the close of the steel strike he again turned to his cherished hope. His group, therefore, in July, 1920, founded the Trade Union Educational League. At first they received little response but the continued decline of the I.W.W. and its disappearance from the industrial centers, coupled with the declarations of the Red Trade Union and Third Internationals that it is vitally important that there be created "revolutionary cells and groups inside the American Federation of Labor," brought new groups of militant, industrial radicals to the support of the League. Since the winter of 1921 this organization has been making surprising headway. It now has branches in all important centers of the country, and its official organ, the *Labor Herald*, the first issue of which appeared in March, has a circulation of over 15,000. Foster considers this the biggest project he has undertaken.

The Trade Union Educational League is founded on the principle that the average worker is too inert to abandon his established union regardless of the intensity of his dissatisfaction. The radicals must carry their ideas to him. Its objective, as stated in the official declaration, is to reorganize the trade-union movement:

> The Trade Union Educational League proposes to develop trade unions from their present antiquated and stagnant condition into modern, powerful labor organizations capable of

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waging successful warfare against capital. To this end it is working to revamp and remodel from top to bottom their theories, tactics, structure, and leadership. Instead of advocating the prevailing shameful and demoralizing nonsense about harmonizing the interests of capital and labor, it is firing the workers' imagination and releasing their wonderful idealism and energy by propagating the inspiring goal of the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of a workers' republic. The league aggressively favors organization by the industry instead of by craft. Although the craft form of union served a useful purpose in the early days of capitalism, it is now entirely out of date. In the face of the great consolidation of the employers the workers must also close up their ranks or be crushed. The multitude of craft unions must be amalgamated into a series of industrial unions—one each for the metal trades, railroad trades, clothing trades, building trades, etc.—even as they have been in other countries. The league also aims to put the workers of America in cooperation with the fighting trade unionists of the rest of the world. It is flatly opposed to our present pitiful policy of isolation, and it advocates affiliation to the militant international trade-union movement known as the Red Trade Union International. The league is campaigning against the reactionaries, incompetents, and crooks who occupy strategic positions in many of our organizations. It is striving to replace them with militants, with men and women unionists who look upon the labor movement not as a means for making an easy living, but as an instrument for the achievement of working-class emancipation. In other words, the league is working in every direction necessary to put life and spirit and power into the trade-union movement.

The immediate issue raised by the league is the amalgamation of crafts so as to "have not more than one union in any one industry." "Amalgamation" is its slogan. The first national conference of the Trade Union Educational League, in session in Chicago August 26 and 27 and attended by forty-two delegates from all sections of the United States and Canada, consumed most of its time analyzing conditions in specific industries and outlining definite programs for amalgamation. National branches of the league for each industry were formed so as to better propagate their doctrines. The following procedure was outlined for popularizing the amalgamation idea: Organizing amalgamation committees in every local union; local unions should call upon international officials to publish amalgamation data in official journals; calling of special amalgamation conventions of unions in specific industries, as well as taking amalgamation referendums; and raising funds for a weekly amalgamation paper for each industry.

But, as Foster indicated in his opening address, it is not sufficient to adopt resolutions and create sentiment. The radicals must be organized to secure action. Even though the workers become converted to these ideas they will not take the initiative. Leadership must come from the "militants." "They are admirably suited for this purpose since they are speakers, have energy, honesty, ideals, vision, and organizing ability. They are the brain and backbone of the organized masses." The purpose is to provide a channel through which the "militants" can function efficiently.

It is still too early to gauge the achievements of this movement. Foster and other delegates enumerated instances where the new idea prevented secessions from the established unions. The amalgamation resolution, which was initiated by the Chicago Federation of Labor, is being indorsed by local unions, city and State federations, and has even received the approval of a few internationals. Under the auspices of Minnesota railroad unions a plan for the amalgamation of the railroad unions has been devised, and a national committee to combine the sixteen standard railroad unions founded to put the plan into effect. The process of making over the American labor movement in the image designed by Foster and his followers will be a slow one but it seems to be gaining momentum, and it is a process that should absorb the attention of business as well as of labor.

Solitude

By LAURA BENÉT

SOLITUDE was bred of the most magnificent of giants with a radiant crown of hair, and the most fragile of gnomish, brown creatures whom the wind eventually blew away into empty spaces. Solitude their daughter walked for years alone on the sea-sands and called and called to the Future. At last the Future's feet touched for brief spaces her luminous shores; and she gave birth to dreams which took the form of lights veiled in a flaky mist. When she placed them upon the sand and withdrew her cool, moist palms, the lights began to quicken in rainbow colors, aerial and delicate. But the greedy, devouring egos of men upon the earth who would never nurse a flame in patience came running and snatched up the lights. Because of their noise, haste, and waste the lights, knocking against each other, went suddenly out; and men never possessed the great dreams but only such little, fusty ones as they could themselves kindle with a match. Yet Solitude hugged her hope.

For many gray and uncounted years she gave birth to lights, silently placing them upon the beach for the world to devour. But at last the Future came no more and she sat dreaming of unborn children on a black waste. And when the years of her youth were past, she took a gray mantle and a candlestick, and built herself a hut on the edge of a thorny wood, where she sits to this day, wrapt in herself save when she walks with the stars.

Because of her baffled creation the forest pitied her, and gave her the power within its green walls to create man's dreams for him, but on the locked oath that he should first have the stout breast of confidence and the audacity to seek her. But man, the artist, so prodigal of noise and waste and a running tongue, comes seldom to the hut, and more rarely does he sit on the three-legged crooked stool of Patience to invoke the dreams of flame.

The lights may hover for a while about his head, and he will knock them away by whacking at a fly on the wall. The dream may lie in his cup in the shape of a tea leaf, and he will dump it out on the floor. The experience may poke itself through the window in the shape of an enemy's head, and, if he jerks the sash, *pff*—it is gone. Many anguished nights and days will the poor human artist pass before he discovers that Solitude has kindled the light of his inspiration from the most despised and many-sifted things—the tag of an old Sunday ribbon, a bent rail from the fence, the white rooster that flew over the hedge! Solitude pours on the flame of creation the salt of surprise. She is as coy in her will as a petted child or a new maid servant. And if he will accept the shavings from the floor of her hut, to kindle his lights, she will awaken in him dreams of so spontaneous a nature that they will lift him to high magic. At her feet he sits in good company. For she was, as we have said, bred of the greatest radiance and the most dusky shadow, and christened within the ring of a crescent beach when the lapping tide was rising.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter's colleagues have already commented on the little idiosyncrasy of the recently appointed Senator from Michigan, who amiably gives an interview and then equally amiably denies it the next morning. They have already told the story of the reporter who was directed to get from Mr. Couzens his denial along with his story in order to save time. And for all the Drifter knows Mr. Couzens will call him up on the telephone tomorrow morning and deny this story in toto.

* * * * *

THE Drifter wonders what sort of a story a reporter would have made if once Mr. Couzens had said: "I'm sorry; I've nothing to say that is worth your time in writing or your reader's time in reading." Would the reporter have run at breakneck speed to the nearest telegraph office and sent in the greatest story of his life: "Prominent Citizen Says He Has Nothing to Say Worth Reading—Mr. Couzens of Detroit refuses to make a statement because 450,000 readers of the *News* should make better use of their time than to follow his words in print." Now of course the Drifter has nothing against Mr. Couzens; doubtless his words maintain the average standard of pertinence and wisdom; they may be above the average. But every public man must, at some time in his career, say to himself: "I have not a thing to say on this subject; I don't know anything about it; I really ought not to talk about it at all." And there are not so many public men who suit the action to the word.

* * * * *

IT was Thoreau, among others, who refused to become enthusiastic about the building of a railroad because he could not be assured that men would gain in understanding by being taken from place to place in less time than they had been before. How much more would he doubt the increase of wisdom brought about by the radio! If one man in quiet and private conversation with another man utters platitudes nobody but his one listener is the worse for it. But when a man shamelessly speaks his platitudes into a receiver that will send them to thousands of persons all over the country—when he broadcasts his words without once considering that he may be sowing tares instead of wheat, then civilization is not advanced one whit and a thrilling and romantic mechanism that deserves better things is put to an inglorious use.

* * * * *

THE Drifter, in fact, is preparing one of the numerous bills which he plans to lay before Congress sometime when that august body isn't looking. It will make it unlawful for any person to speak into a telephone, or into a radio, or to make an address, or to write an article, or in any way to act so that his words shall come to the ears or eyes of more than five persons, without proving before a committee of competent judges, including Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Swift, and possibly the Drifter, that what he has to say is worth using up valuable air to utter. He may add a second clause to the bill forbidding any person to travel more than fifteen feet from his own door except on business that will be for the general good of mankind. And when the bill is passed we shall see how many Driftways there will be!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Race, Creed, Color—or Sex?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the articles that you have published regarding Harvard's discrimination against Jewish students I have looked in vain for any word about the continued discrimination against women at Harvard. I pass over the Graduate School of Arts and the undergraduate colleges, since some provision has been made at Radcliffe, close to the sacred soil of Harvard and yet at a safe and discreet distance, for women in these departments. But the continued exclusion of women from Harvard's graduate professional schools is a matter against which protest is surely as greatly needed as is the matter of the exclusion of the Jews from the undergraduate college. After all there are in the State of Massachusetts and in New England other colleges with a standard as high as Harvard's, to which Jewish students may be admitted to undergraduate courses, but is there, for example, in Massachusetts another graduate law school to which women who wish the best legal training may go? And have the liberal Jewish leaders who are so shocked over Harvard's illiberality now that it is directed against their race ever protested during these years when women have been knocking in vain at the doors of Harvard's great professional schools?

In your issue of October 4 you protest that when a university "applies any other test [than scholarship] and discriminates against any group it ceases to be a public-service institution deserving of aid and support from the state"; and you add: "The duty of a university which receives special favors from the state is to open its academic doors to all applicants who are intellectually qualified, regardless of race, creed, or color." Is there any reason for not adding "or sex"? Is it so much worse to discriminate against Jews than against women? For while you imply that the policy of discrimination is new at Harvard, every woman knows that Harvard's policy has always been exclusionist; but in the past it has been only the women who have suffered, and few Harvard voices have been raised in their behalf. There is clearly a community need for scientifically trained women physicians and women lawyers, and it is equally clear that the opportunities to secure the best possible training in these fields are far too few. An educational institution is alike indifferent to public needs and recreant to its public trust when it denies to women as women the opportunity properly to prepare themselves for such important services. When Roscoe Pound was appointed dean of the Harvard Law School many of those who knew something of his experience in such coeducational universities as Nebraska, Northwestern, and Chicago, and who knew also the able and scholarly women in his own family felt that hope was dawning for women at least in the Harvard Law School. But apparently even Dean Pound's well-known liberalism and sturdy Middle-Western democracy have not been able to triumph over the ancient and rigid exclusionist traditions which mark the Harvard of today.

Women, who have suffered so sorely in the past from the discriminatory policy of Harvard and of other educational institutions, must of course be the last to withhold their sympathies when any other group is similarly discriminated against. But a little reciprocity is desirable in sympathy as well as in other matters. Is it unreasonable in view of the vigorous protest you have made against the exclusion of a few Jewish men from the undergraduate colleges to remind you that the doors of the Harvard Medical School and the Harvard Law School are still closed to all properly qualified graduate women students?

Yours uncompromisingly and, obviously,

Chicago, December 9 A WOMAN

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Hoch Iowisch

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The householder who rushes out in the middle of the night to help put out the fire consuming the Odd Fellows' Hall —this laudable altruist, despite all the theoretical rewards of service, only too often returns to find his wife eloped with the ashman, his children murdered, and his own house in flames. I here allude figuratively to the case of the Iowa A. Mitchell Palmer, the Hon. Frank F. Miles, hero of a hundred pitched battles in France and now editor of the Iowa *Legionaire*. His letter in your No. 2999 brought from you a feeble and faltering reply. Well, while he was engaged upon the patriotic task of stamping out the red flames in your sinister office, what was happening at home? I find the answer in the esteemed *Legionaire* of December 15. The whole last page is given over to an advertisement extolling terrifically a long series of cheap books published by the Hon. E. Haldeman-Julius, until very lately publisher of the nefarious *Appeal to Reason*, and among them are actually volumes by such shameless German propagandists as Schopenhauer, Goethe, Eucken, and Schnitzler, and even one on and by the arch-fiend of them all, the blood-soaked Nietzky or Neitszche, the man who caused the war!

"Legionaire," it appears, is Hoch Iowisch for the English "legionary" and the French *légionnaire*. What will the "legionaires" of Iowa have to say when they slowly spell their way through the first fifteen pages of the *Legionaire*, and then find that astounding piece of German and radical propaganda leering at them from page 16? What will they say when they return to their firesides exhausted by the solemn patriotic business of shooting cows destined for the starving children of Saxony and Thuringia, or the even more solemn and heroic business of ku-kluxing Mme. Gadski—what will they say when they take off their shoes and side-arms, stretch themselves out to read in the Iowa manner, and then make the ghastly discovery that their gallant editor is trying to sell them books from the late Appeal Library, to the private profit and usufruct of his stockholders?

Hohenzollern, Maryland, December 25 H. L. MENCKEN

From a So-Called Human Being

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not think a pro-Nigger magazine like *The Nation* is fit to be read by young people. The Niggers have entirely too much to say, and when we see Niggers appointed by the Federal Government to boss hundreds of white girls, when we see Nigger judges and even priests, I don't think *The Nation* needs to cry over their fate. This is a white man's country, and must be run by white men.

It is my intention to drop *The Nation* when my subscription expires. The first thing I know it will turn pro-Jap.

S. A. SWANSON

Rosebud Ranch, Wineville, California, December 20

A Hunk of Ivory for *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to your inquiry as to whether we shall subscribe for *The Nation* another year and if not, why not, I have to say that we are in our chronic condition of being broke just now. Last year we gadded about so much that we saw only a few numbers of the magazine, but they were surprisingly worth the whole subscription price. It is a pity for us that we cannot again avail ourselves of the only publication in America, so far as I have been able to learn, whose articles are neither red nor white, but true. How you have achieved so balanced a viewpoint is remarkable, but to have maintained it is somewhat freakish, isn't it? I have been holding my breath lest you fall into redness for itself, especially as you are so bold as to venture into diplomatic conferences, than which nothing will more easily drive one to the extreme of radicalism. I congratulate you, and when I am once more healed financially I shall hope to see you again. (I've any amount of old ivory—red and black and bluish—which we brought from St. Lawrence Island. If anybody in the office should desire to negotiate an exchange of *The Nation* for one year for a hunk of raw ivory not very large, but beautiful, let him speak now because we are trying to sell the lot!)

Washington, D. C., January 1 J. B.

Potential Equality of Races

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Hartley Alexander's review of Dr. Alexander A. Goldenweiser's book "Early Civilization" must be challenged for the sake of a clear understanding of what modern anthropology is striving for.

A large part of the review relates to the use of the term "civilization" as applied to primitive tribes, a usage which has good precedents. Many prefer it to the term "culture" because they wish to avoid the connotation of "individual refinement." The essential object of the book, to present concisely, by means of characteristic examples, the problems of anthropology, has not appealed to your reviewer. Nevertheless, we do believe that we can obtain a fuller appreciation of the problems of social change by the study of a few selected cultures as a whole than by an accumulation of disconnected facts, which has for many years been characteristic of anthropological work.

Anthropologists will particularly object to the lack of understanding on the part of your reviewer of the meaning of individual differences as against differences of social groups. In regard to the fundamental question of the "potential equality" of races, most anthropologists are agreed that this concept is the foundation of their science. It has formed the basis of comparative anthropology ever since the early studies of Bastian and Tyler. If we deny the "potential equality" of races at the present time, we should have to accept the opinion of the ancient Egyptians who might with equal justification have denied the "potential equality" of the ancestors of all the European nations. Your reviewer commits the common logical error of assuming that if individuals are different, the racial groups to which they belong must also be different.

New York, December 15 FRANZ BOAS

Beyond Corruption

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Tell your editor who wrote the cussing of the Supreme Court that Taft is a considerable improvement on White and that Sutherland cannot possibly be worse than Day. The animus seemed to be that Pierce Butler fired a pro-German. The professor in question, by the way, was earlier in favor of disciplining pro-Ally shouters. I hold no brief for any of them, but to *The Nation's* cry that the court ain't what it used to be, the only answer is that it never was neither.

New York, December 20 T. R.

Contributors to This Issue

GARY N. CALKINS is professor of biology at Columbia University.

DAVID J. SAPOSS is a director of the Labor Bureau at present teaching in the Brookwood Labor College.

BOARDMAN ROBINSON is an American artist now on the staff of the London *Outlook*.

CARLETON BEALS is a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on Italian affairs.

LAURA BENÉT is an American poet.

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Books

The Golden Bough

The Golden Bough. A Study in Magic and Religion. One volume, abridged edition. By Sir James George Frazer. The Macmillan Company. $5.

IT was on one of the earliest days of spring less than a year ago that with a sympathetic companion I went out across the Campagna and up to the Alban Hills, through Albano and Ariccia to Genzano, where we inquired the way to Nemi and came suddenly by muddy back streets upon a path which sloped steeply to the lake nestled in the hills. As we followed the path along the shore we thought of those contrasting pilgrims who by night long ago had one after another skirted stealthily "Diana's Mirror" on a ghastly quest; and of the priest of Diana's temple who with drawn sword and peering warily watched for the coming of the man stronger than he who should slay him as he had slain his predecessor. In all Italy there is scarcely a more romantic spot; and with our thoughts of "the priest who slew the slayer and shall himself be slain" there mingled meditations upon that other quest, an intellectual quest, a "dimly discerned mental journey" (in Pater's words) which had begun at the sacred grove and sanctuary of Diana Nemorensis and had led, sometimes by devious paths and again by following well-marked clues, far away in time and space from Lake Nemi.

When, more than thirty years ago, Sir James Frazer applied himself to the solution of the problems: Why should the succession to the office of priest of Diana be determined by mortal combat? and Why, before the aspirant to the office might attack the incumbent, must he pluck the golden bough from the tree that stood beside the temple? he had apparently no conception of the long and difficult quest upon which these illusive problems would lead him: to the customs of aborigines in all parts of the world; to strange and grotesque religious ceremonials such as would have fascinated Flaubert; to the religions of Egypt and Crete and Babylon; to the problem of the interrelation of magic and religion and science; to the evolution of the idea of kingship; to agricultural rites and the worship of trees and the fire festivals of Europe; to the tender spiritualized worship of Isis; to the bloody sacrifices of the Mexicans; to the myth of Balder; to Adonis and Osiris; to the grandiose conception of the scapegoat. The course of his argument is controlled by the comparative method; his proofs, such as they are, at times convincing, at times merely ingenious, are drawn from analogy.

With the most elaborate skill, as though dealing with the ordered complexities of medieval architecture, he builds his vast cathedral-like book, at times lingering in some dim side-chapel of obscure ceremonial, at times constructing the majestic nave of his dominant idea. The scholarly zeal with which he assembles facts does not interfere with his grasp of the essentials of architectonics. As one proceeds through the eleven volumes of "The Golden Bough," now entranced, now clogged by the sheer weight of cited instances, one can obtain a better idea than can be found almost anywhere else of the secular process that has gradually transformed what was once religious ceremonial, essential to the welfare of the community in which it was practiced, through the intermediate stage of "cult," to the final degenerate relics of popular custom, folk-play, and children's games. Frazer shows in how narrow a path the thoughts of men have moved, ideas and notions being found that are common to Australian aborigines of today and to civilizations extinct five thousand years ago. One need not attempt to retrace the course of his argument here; but in the end he returns to Nemi, a tentative solution in hand, having solved or indicated many other problems by the way, and having gathered a mass of evidence of the slow, discouraging progress of the human mind and of the ignorance and credulity and cruelty and superstition of which our poor race has been guilty in its long history. Beside the lake he bids it and us farewell; the implications in his majestic words of parting must be taken account of by the theologies.

They tell us—the specialists—that Frazer has "never seen a savage" and that he is but a "parlor" or "closet" anthropologist; that his wide range embraces evidence of very varying degrees of reliability; that some of his theories are unsound; and that his conclusions are uncertain and at times fantastic. The author of "The Golden Bough" has often emphasized the fact that his conclusions are but tentative and that he is ready to revise or discard them when better explanations present themselves. Meanwhile he has used his theories as "pegs" on which to hang the vast collection of data that he has brought together from the reports and recollections of the army of explorers who for the sake of religion or conquest or commerce or science have penetrated into the wild places of the earth and of that other army which in the cause of scholarship has groped inquiringly into the dark backward of human history. Of late new discoveries have strengthened Frazer's position along certain lines. But even if his conclusions are at length discarded his book will remain; the specialists will beat against this great achievement of imagination and literary art as they have beaten against Gibbon and Carlyle. "The Golden Bough" is, with the possible exception of the "Arabia Deserta," the most massive work of English prose that this age has to show.

For many of us the huge mass of comparative instances acts as impedimenta to the proper enjoyment of Fraser's book; and I have sometimes thought that a beautiful anthology might be culled from its pages: its nature-description; its meditations upon famous places; its quaint and curious lore; its more exalted passages in which Frazer rises to the height of his argument. He has not chosen to bring his work within the range of a wider circle of readers by means of an anthology, but instead he now offers those whose purse is too limited to bring them the complete work or whose leisure is insufficient for the heavy though delightful task of its perusal, an admirably abridged edition in which the leading principles of the book are retained together with an amount of evidence sufficient to illustrate them. With some condensation here and there the language of the original has been kept; no new matter has been added, neither have the views expressed in the latest complete edition been altered. The entire body of footnotes has been sacrificed and with them all exact reference to authorities. Thus is effected wisely a great reduction in bulk, for the scholarly reader will always have access to the larger work, and to those who read for pleasure such bibliographical apparatus is a stumbling block. This one-volume issue will never replace the magnificent twelve volumes of the complete work; but these are hurried days of scanty hours dedicated to intellectual enjoyment; and it will be far better for a thoughtful person to know it in this new and shortened form than to go through life without becoming acquainted with "The Golden Bough."

SAMUEL C. CHEW

D. H. Lawrence

England, My England. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Fantasia of the Unconscious. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer. $2.25.

Women in Love. By D. H. Lawrence. (Popular Edition.) Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

NAKED humanity. Naked, not in lack of trousers or a skirt, but stripped bare of those three veils a super-civilized race wears to veil the animal within: convention, hypocrisy, repression. Soul-nude are they who work the lonely gardens, collect fares on the whirling tram-cars, or keep the boisterous inns of "England, My England." Ten stories are contained in the volume, intensely individual, flawlessly conceived.

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Constantly there is an uncanny feeling of disaster, of death to come, as though some fiendish gas of the war—with which most of the sketches are intimately concerned—had spread out and seized all mortals in its bitter and poisonous embrace. Yet the book is assuredly not gloomy. Intensity and swiftness of action prevent that. For a man cannot be gloomy in a typhoon. The figures of "Women in Love" think deeply and long; those in "England, My England" lack time to ponder, they can only act.

An Elizabethan vigor, too rare in these days of hyper-analysis, sweeps away all chaff, the significant alone remains. The fights in Tickets, Please, and Samson and Delilah are barbaric masterpieces. The girl collectors on a tram line band to end the Don Juaning of John Thomas, their chief. Imprisoning the luckless, too careless lover in a waiting-room, led by his latest victim, they mob him, dash him against a wall, beat, scratch, and hurl him, bleeding, to the floor. Lighter in mood, but containing a combat equally Herculean is Samson and Delilah, the tale of a huge Enoch Arden, who after sixteen years returns to his spouse, now proprietress of the Tinner's Rest, and stridently insists on remaining. Flinging herself upon him, she clings desperately, until soldier guests at the tavern bind him securely and drop him outside. Freed, a few minutes later, the husband noiselessly reenters the hostelry. The wife yields to him. A keen study of strange animalism.

The situations are brutally or bitterly dramatic. In The Blind Man, Maurice, disfigured, sightless, after a shell burst, compels his wife's friend, his own half enemy, shuddering, to touch the hideous scar, to press the mutilated eyes. In the story, England, My England, which gives the volume its name, the cutting of a daughter's knee on a sickle changes the chief character's entire life. He who reads is racked with sheer physical pain. England, My England, a tragedy, finally of black death on the battlefield, and The Blind Man, the groping of one who came back, should be read by those many or few who still believe that war is a novel, gigantic outing, where the youth of a nation get experience, romance, and pay at the same time. Nakedness of the soul becomes nakedness of the body as well in You Touched Me and The Horse Dealer's Daughter, two voyages into the sea of the sensuous. In the first a charity boy is awakened to his first knowledge of love by the accidental touch of a girl's hand upon his face; the other unfolds the frenzied passion of a despondent girl for the doctor who rescued her from death in a slimy pond. Singular, exotic; a soldier, a wife, a mistress in France, a babe, a letter, a passerby; a story told in flashes, flashes on a screen of dazzling white, the snow of an English countryside. This, Wintry Peacock. And through it all, painfully hops Joey dee-urr! merely a bird, pathetic, and futile. "England, My England." Indubitably a great book, great enough, probably, to be eternally damned as a classic, one from whose pages the teacher will select long passages, and hurl at the dreary youthful prisoners: "This is how to describe. This is how to narrate. This is the perfect climax." The book of one, a sensualist today, a mystic tomorrow: but always the artist who makes men's souls alive.

Now to the fiction-writer turned astrologer—"Fantasia of the Unconscious." To take or not to take it seriously is the question. For this queer hodge-podge of necromancy, psychoanalysis, relativity, and astrology appears full of humorous traps for the unwary. The reader sails along, peacefully, among the stars, believing for the moment with Lawrence that man is the center of the universe, sun and moon radiate from him, and lacking his presence the "sun would gutter out like a spent lamp," the moon, "meeting-place of cold, dead, angry souls," would also vanish. And then the reader hears him laugh. A hearty vigorous laugh. At the reader? Possibly. At himself and his idea? Possibly. Probably both. But it is most upsetting to be laughed at when sternly striving to understand complicated psyches and complex supermen. Most amazing is the planetary system. We see in heaven, not what we call the sun, but "the vibrations expelled by death from the body of life, and returned back again to the body of life." Or "the moon is born from the death of individuals!" Other of the ideas and proposals are equally revolutionary. "Let all schools be closed at once . . . the great mass of humanity should never learn to read and write—never." "Wives, don't love your husbands any more. . . . Just boil the eggs." "Fight your wife. . . . Reduce her once more to a naked Eve, and send the apple flying." "We have fallen now into the mistake of idealism."

A bizarre Deuteronomy! In the serious moments the volume, in sum, seems a plea for individualism of the highest type, individualism of "the Holy Ghost" in man. But these profounder moments are relatively rare. The rather fearsome title need not bar the novice scaling the craggy mountains of the psychonanalytical. For only one-tenth is psychoanalysis, the other nine-tenths D. H. Lawrence, irrepressible and gay.

Perhaps, as the blue-coated jacket proclaims, it is "an important system of philosophy." But it is to be doubted, and much to be doubted that Lawrence so meant. The Moses bringing to the world the code for a new order must not come with a twinkle in his eye and an extra deck of cards tucked between the commandment tablets.

Triumphing over the attacks of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, "Women in Love," perhaps in gratitude, steps down from its expensive seat among the library aristocrats, and in dress far less costly, but spirit unchastened, happy in the knowledge it will now be read oftener and enjoyed more, takes, with dignity, its place as a member of the literary democracy.

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

A Teacher and Man of Letters

An Old Castle and Other Essays. By C. T. Winchester. With an introduction by Henry W. Nevinson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

A PROMINENT British weekly has recently informed us that American criticism is "notoriously either academic or trivial." Professor C. T. Winchester's volume of essays, published some two years after his death, is neither academic nor trivial. It is at once scholarly and inspiring, the work of a college teacher who was also a true man of letters and who made the chair of English literature at Wesleyan University, in its quiet little Connecticut village, for nearly fifty years a shrine for lovers of great writers and great men. Professor Winchester's creed can be best stated in his own words: "Hazlitt has in a remarkable degree the gift to enjoy for himself what is best in literature, and the gift to convey that enjoyment to his reader—which I take it is the chief function of criticism." That is Professor Winchester's kind of criticism, in "An Old Castle and Other Essays" and in all his earlier volumes, of which the best is perhaps "A Group of English Essayists of the Early Nineteenth Century."

His exquisite taste and judgment were equaled by hardly half a dozen American college teachers; in fact, it would probably be safe to reduce the number. As he shows in the present volume, he never acquired that "scholarliness" which is a synonym for dulness and which is, for the most part, so admirably illustrated by the quarterly publication of the Modern Language Association of America and by other academic journals. On the contrary his judgments are not only eminently readable but full of quiet humor, shrewd observation of character, felicity of critical phrase, and a mellow tolerance which never includes tolerance of literary mediocrity. Such a teacher and writer is a kind of combination of Thomas Arnold and William Hazlitt, with a little of Charles Lamb thrown in. To those students who knew him, Professor Winchester was a source of that true education which is inspiration and incentive. The late Sir Walter Raleigh, of Oxford, said of him: "Of all the men I have met in America the most interesting was a man by the name of Winchester, from a place I never heard of called Wesleyan." And Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, who writes the introduction to

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the present volume, adds: "His appreciation was guided by an imperturbable sanity."

Professor Winchester is at his best in his essays on Swift and Browning, though the title essay, An Old Castle, is full of fascination as a picture of Ludlow and the great days of Elizabeth, and that on Antony and Cleopatra is Hazlittian in its enthusiasm and its opulence of phrase. Swift is still so often misjudged by writers of textbooks for the use of guileless college students that it is refreshing to come upon so sane and penetrating an estimate of him which reveals all the lights and shades of his problematical personality and which defends him against the absurd charge of heartlessness toward Stella. "No other Englishman of that half century has impressed his personality so deeply upon our imagination," says Professor Winchester. "All the men of his time seem pale and tame beside his stern, proud figure." Of the essay on Browning it is scarcely too much to say that it is the sanest and most satisfying yet published on that victim of Browning societies. His poetry, thinks his critic, when at its best, "combines force of passion with depth of thought as hardly any other poetry since the Elizabethan days, and has the power of that large elder verse to inspire and dilate."

Only slightly less felicitous and sanely appreciative are the essays on Burns, Ruskin, Clough, Shakespeare the Man, and the general characteristics of the Age of Queen Anne. The author's genius for critical phrase is admirably illustrated by remarks on two minor writers: "Dr. Beattie, whose long poem, The Minstrel, is a curious attempt to give a romantic flavor to the warmed-over philosophy of Pope; and the 'Man of Feeling,' Mackenzie, a pleasant, graceful, rather shallow, courteous man, mere Addison and water." No man was more ready to prick the bubble of an empty reputation than Professor Winchester. He always has severity when severity is needed and does not, like the lady from Ohio (in one of Arnold's essays), think that excellence is "common and abundant." It is difficult to realize that Mr. Winchester was a college professor. His volume begins where schoolmasters end. It is a delight and an inspiration and should find a place in the library of many lovers of good literature.

HARRY T. BAKER

The Immigrant Problem

The Russian Immigrant. By Jerome Davis. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

OCCASIONALLY an instructor of the social sciences lowers his head from above the clouds and does some actual research among the masses. The result is likely to upset his balance and displace his dogma by inquiry. Mr. Jerome Davis of Dartmouth seriously studies the Russian immigrant and finds that from every sociological point of view this *bête humaine* is hated and mistreated. He allows himself to quote in his book such heresies as: "It is strange that in Pennsylvania a Sunday baseball game is illegal but that there is no prohibition of the seven-day week in the steel mill"; and (Judge Thompson of Pittsburgh on illegal raids and arrests of aliens) "The methods of the Department of Justice have created more anarchy than all the political parties put together, and conditions in this district are worse than they were in Russia. I did not suppose that this could happen in a country where they have a constitution."

Stranger still, after having dared all this, he discovers that only "a scientific solution of the problem now will save America continual social loss and possibly crisis in the future." There he stops, bewildered at himself. But to expect him to attempt to solve the problem would be to hope too much. A few murmurs about "increasing the likeness between the Russian and American mind" do not deceive anyone. They are there only to restore the peace of a troubled mind. To solve the problem of assimilating the immigrant, the Russian or any other, would require a more daring mind. It would require a resolution to delve deeper into the structure of the social state, and to find the root so decayed as to produce the unassimilated and antagonistic immigrant. This book will present to such an inquiring mind a mass of well-analyzed statistics and a valuable bibliography.

NATHAN ASCH

Brandes on Julius Caesar

Cajus Julius Caesar. By Georg Brandes. Copenhagen: Gyldendal.

ALWAYS a protagonist for peace, Georg Brandes in his monumental "Cajus Julius Caesar" almost for the first time in his long and busy life takes for his subject a figure surrounded by the glories of militarism, and, in spite of his uncompromising hatred of war, presents a picture of battles and conquests that would turn green with envy the most rabid general bent on furnishing a written record of martial achievements.

The contrast between his "Caesar" and such other major works as his "Goethe," "Voltaire," and "Michelangelo," not to say the "Shakespeare," is the more pronounced in that the book on the Roman dictator is history as such. And yet, to call Georg Brandes a pure historian would little please him. No matter-of-fact history would be amenable to the Brandes method.

For this reason it is not to be wondered that in these nearly eight hundred pages there is unfolded a panorama where literary craftsmanship enchants while men and events stand forth in the strong light of resuscitation. The Caesar of Georg Brandes is not Shakespeare's Caesar. That was to be expected, since in his work on Shakespeare Brandes gives his own interpretation of the motive that led to the murder of Caesar, taking exception to the manner in which Brutus was endowed with qualities beyond his worth. So also in the case of Cicero does Brandes emphasize the double character of the famous orator who unsuccessfully barred Caesar's way to highest honors and yet displayed a nauseating servility.

Brandes believes with Froude that Caesar only by accident took up the profession of soldier. Still, no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. But while aiming to do full justice to Caesar's military operations, the Danish critic would not have been himself had he not penetrated deeper than where every historian has searched and analyzed and commented. Take the two chapters, The Financiers and The Women. No other work on Julius Caesar has ever before entered so intimately into the conditions of finance and economics of Rome, and the chapter on the women of Caesar's time constitutes a fascinating book by itself.

"During the last two centuries of the republic," we read, "its wealth exerted an increasing influence both on legislation and private and public affairs. In all that had to do with politics the financiers occupied a more and more important place. Innumerable powerful companies were organized to carry on the business of the state, and these companies not only rivaled in importance the political corporations, but sometimes overshadowed them. And while the members of these companies held no public offices they were called *maximi, ornatissimi, amplissimi, primi ordinis* (excellent, highly honored, of high standing, of first rank)."

How familiar this sounds and how applicable to today! We see the Roman lobbyists at work, the bribing, law-defying element with money all powerful to destroy public right and justice. Georg Brandes brings before the reader a situation that better than the remaining monuments of Rome reveals her ancient glory and her shame.

"There should be no illusion about Roman virtue," writes Brandes. "Money was all-powerful in Rome. Cicero often mentions stocks, *partes*. The money system gives us an insight into the psychology of the Roman masses, whose language is taught us by the philologists, whose politics historians explain, and whose emotions the poets aim to reproduce. Consider what men of the greatest reputation for probity and virtue permitted

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themselves. The elder Cato lent his money at extortionate rates to innumerable debtors. Brutus lent money at forty-eight per cent and made five Senators starve to death when they could not repay him. Pompeius used his army and his authority to force harsh bargains upon cities that were obliged to borrow money of him and used that power to collect these loans and the millions of interest he expected."

Georg Brandes is now in his eighty-first year. "Cajus Julius Caesar" he completed during the Great War. Perhaps the struggle of the nations may have inspired him to deal with this perennially interesting subject of Caesar. Perhaps he envisaged another such great leader of men who could hold the reins tightly and quiet the stampeded masses. That Brandes believes in the individual as against the crowd in every avenue of life he has shown again and again. His literary strength lies in the portraying of character. A Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Voltaire, a Michelangelo, these are his types and models. Around them he throws a light that brings out defects as well as merits. For Georg Brandes by no means praises indiscriminately. All the virtues did not reside in Caesar. But his superior qualities so far outweighed his human weaknesses that in the estimate of Brandes he stands before the world as the superman whom few have ever equaled in greatness and none excelled.

JULIUS MORITZEN

Music

Paderewski Returns

AS everyone except himself predicted, Paderewski has come back to music. His art is purer than when he left it; his understanding seems the broader and more mellow for his worldly experience. Whereas before affectation and eccentricity were beginning to become the habitual reaction of boredom, now after five years of intellectual excursion Paderewski resumes his music refreshed and inspirited, and without either. Technically his control of his instrument has been unimpaired, as each concert since his return has proved more definitely. Spiritually his art has new and profounder significance to himself and to his hearers, for during five years life with him ceased to be an avocation, and became a fact; vital struggles of the mind and soul ceased to be academic, and became empirical.

The career of the virtuoso is lacking in incentive. Once the heights are scaled—and he stands unquestioned among the superior few—what is there left to him? The technique or mechanics of his art is a dynamic thing to keep abreast of which he must labor continually and most of his time. And the end of his labor? A tiring succession of recitals in which time tables are as important as music. Of money the recognized virtuoso easily earns more than enough. His playing is a standard below which he himself may fall often with impunity. And often he does, yet concert halls are always full; adoration is soon no longer a comfort or an inspiration.

It is not true that mere performance is sufficient incentive for the virtuoso. It may be for the composer, who is continually facing new imaginative problems the solutions of which are expressed in music that is heard; but it is not a true end of the virtuoso's art. His concerts come frequently and in far places. They are arranged long in advance by the calendar and the clock. The momentary temper cannot be considered in the schedule, although it is just that which makes a performance good or bad. How often are artists far from the playing mood when their halls are packed full with expectant audiences, how often are they tired very early, how often do they warm to their work only late in a concert! But the program is inexorable. It is easy to believe that the virtuoso's best playing comes impromptu in the privacy of his own studio. Yet, his need of money, his desire for recognition early satiated, he continues to suffer the privations of the concert tour for want of other end or aim.

At eighteen a master recognized throughout the world; at fifty the same master, the world no larger. What takes place in the virtuoso's life during all that time? For the most part he practices and gives public concerts. It is little wonder that so much music is heard which is cold and wooden. Music is a form of emotional expression. No matter what its artificial structure, its mechanical basis, the final product is akin to the soul. It is the delicate and aesthetic expression of the spiritual pains and pleasures of sheer living. Herein lies the key to the virtuoso's function. Only living creates the soul, that thing of the spirit which is the residue of the scathing flames of experience, the resultant of the buffeting forces of the worldly career. It is said of the prodigy that he plays without warmth, for he has not lived. Instinct, insight may go far, but it is the soul purged in living that nourishes art. The existence of the virtuoso, guarded by secretaries and managers, coddled by admirers, is only too apt to be trammeled and unreal, to become at length a cycle of routine, boredom, and display.

Until late in his career Paderewski avoided these sloughs of virtuosic error. He was almost always the true artist. How close he came to them is indicated by the fact that once his avocation—living—suddenly leaped to the fore in his career, he could drop his music completely for five years. Eventually he has come back, for just as art alone is insufficient, so living itself is not enough. He comes back physically and mentally refreshed by his vacation from music. His playing is now again, as in his prime, a live, attentive act, not a thing of schedule and routine. He returns with mind and spirit enriched by experience, by aspiration, success, disappointment. His music is the more profoundly significant, the more vital.

The physical recreation has been important. The price of artistic performance is continual and intelligent vigilance. And this is the playing of the revitalized Ignace Paderewski. His programs have been unusually long and exacting, yet from the first note until the last his work has all his thought. Each phrase that comes from his fingers is melodically meaningful. Its intonation, physically produced by force, tempo, and shading, is a thing of beauty, the product of exquisite care and perfect control. The power spent in restraint is no less prodigious than that which actually moves the keys. Of pure mechanical motion, where a tired mind wanders and leaves nervous habit the only overseer of the hands, there is not a moment in Paderewski's playing.

And the pianist is the performer whose fatigued mind perhaps most readily shirks the tremendous task before it. The music of the piano aspires to be many-voiced like that of the orchestra, but throughout its range the tone quality is unvaried. Whereas in the orchestra the singing violin, the beating drum, the nasal English horn, the mellow French horn, each by the mere fact of its characteristic timbre lends individuality to the melody which it carries, in the piano all the differentiation must be accomplished by the performer. Very often a single hand must distinguish two independent voices in simultaneous motion. To fall into the rut is easy. Where the differentiation is most obvious, as a bass melody standing over against one several octaves higher, even the inattentive player can bring it out. The loss comes most often in the middle voices, where the single timbre of the instrument is allowed to become a single plane without distinction of depth or shadow.

Inferior pianists, preoccupied with expression, tend to make their music homophonic with harmonic accompaniment, even when the constituents of the harmonies, regarded horizontally, form melodic lines. Others, entirely absorbed in polyphonic pattern, tend to lose in intensity of feeling. So for a long time Bach's fugues were played stiffly and without nuance, leaden fingers marking each incoming voice with pedagogical emphasis. Paderewski is able to achieve the whole technical and poetic purpose of the master composers. His Bach fugue is technically clear and clean, yet also it has a color and genuine emotional significance which is thought to belong only to the subjective romantic composers of a later day. It is futile to attempt to analyze the mechanics of the poetry of this great

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interpreter. None of it is forced, unfelt, or false. His ingenious harmonic sense governing his use of the pedals makes magic with the evanescent lyricism of Chopin and Schumann. His beautiful physical control of his great and enduring strength makes the piano, fundamentally a percussion instrument, sing. The aria of the Schumann Sonata, the arrangement of "Hark, Hark, the Lark!", both in his second New York recital, literally shamed the human voice in its own sphere.

The sincerity and universality of Paderewski's art transcend school and nationality. His temperament is a mirror which sheds glory on the image. At his touch the wistful Chopin, the omnipotent and magic Beethoven, the rugged yet tender Bach, the prancing Liszt, the lyric Schumann, each in turn becomes the spirit in the body of his instrument. And Paderewski, his whole mind entirely absorbed in his playing, looks up almost in fright at the irrelevant storm of applause. Five years of politics, five years in the purgatory of earthly experience saved Paderewski's art from staleness and routine, and gave it fresh power and new significance. Many a bored recitalist, dozing on the pinnacle of a reputation earned in younger, more spirited years, many a skilled technician, preserved in the alcohol of personal care and adoration, can look with profit to the example of Paderewski, who has lived, and now has something to express.

ALEXANDER FRIED

Drama

Minuet

MIDDLE age makes game of "Romeo and Juliet." It has forgotten. Or else, what is still sadder, it has had nothing to forget. There is, moreover, the obstacle—this is a very real one, too—of the language of Shakespeare's first period. It is not the extravagance of this language that troubles one; it is rather the curb on genuine extravagance placed there by the intolerable fancifulness, by the absurd conceits and barren euphuisms. There is no worse manner of writing in the world. It explains Waller; it explains Johnson. Who would not embrace sobriety after so reckless a debauch? But under it all there beat, in "Romeo and Juliet," hearts upon which dust has had no power—the immortal hearts of passionate youth. They reck of nothing. Barriers and conventions are swept away. This is their burning hour to which all eternity is contracted. This, in my creeping prose, will seem folly to the wise. What will it seem in the mad exaltations and agonies of the Shakespearean text?

It follows that any production of "Romeo and Juliet" must sound the cry of lyric passion so strongly and so clearly that the violences and euphuisms of mere speech are lost in that cry, in that flame. It must, like the late, sad, drab "Jugend" of Halbe or like a few, at least, of Blunt's "Love Sonnets of Proteus," burn away the resignations and contentments and dusty duties of the later years and transport each hearer to that memoried room, hall, hill-side, orchard of his youth in which passion first rose from life and seemed allied to death. That, and that only, is realism here. For exaltation is the reality here and the cry of the inmost heart the only proper speech.

Mr. Hopkins, Miss Barrymore, Mr. Jones, and their assistants understand reality in another fashion. They do not understand it as suiting the interpretation to the play; they make but an additional convention of it. To them it is a stylization in a minor key, a hushed mood, a slothful gait. Mr. Jones might have given these star-crossed lovers of Verona one touch of color, one bit of brightness on their brief road to the tomb. But the very dancers creep in and out of his battered arches. Miss Barrymore might have convinced us once that an impassioned heart beat in her breast. She chatted away with maddening persistence or, at most, trilled with a subdued pathos. She seemed in such terror of declamation that she stopped short of ordinary expressiveness. Hence the passion was incredible and the glow a mere glint and death and doom a stage-carpenter's contraptions. Yet Miss Barrymore had need, in this part, of an especial eloquence. For though she has charm and loveliness, she has matronliness of essential personality, too. Unlike Julia Marlowe, she is the reverse of girlish. Juliet was not dignified; she was something infinitely more important than well-bred. Miss Barrymore is both. Juliet was the life-force, the instinct that makes the world go round in all its unashamed beauty and concentrated energy. She was in too noble, in too urgent a haste to be shy or coy. She was bent upon the great adventure. Miss Barrymore was bent upon no adventure. She was almost—polite.

What shall I say of the Romeo of Mr. McKay Morris? He looked handsome. He was sweet but cool. He had to remember to be passionate and thus reached nothing warmer than violence. His softness was not the breaking heart of youth but the unworthy weakness of maturity. He almost whined at moments. At others he had the sweetness of sweets not of "youth and bloom." Romeo is as taut as the wire of a harp. Mr. Morris is slack. He twangs. There is no singing fire in him. Even where a noble simplicity would have sufficed:

> "O, here
> Will I set up my everlasting rest,
> And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
> From this world-wearied flesh,"

even here he is both feeble and tormented. Perhaps both Miss Barrymore and he are the victims of a false and partial theory of making Shakespeare "real." By all means let us make him real, that is, human and concrete and actual and tangible and unrhetorical. But here the reality is passion and even the rhetoric of passion and its extravagance and madness and intoxication. Have these passed out of the world? Is the earth replenished in these days by the careful flirtations of the middle-aged? Has ardor become unreal? Perhaps. Then the only thing to do with "Romeo and Juliet" is to leave it alone.

The single triumph of the performance at the Longacre is Mr. Basil Sydney's acting of Mercutio. Here was the genuine realization of a difficult character. With first-rate precision and skill, with warmth and creative vigor, Mr. Sydney made one feel Mercutio's gallantry of nature curbed by his subtle intellect, the man's friendships and loyalties analyzed by his firm and discriminating mind, the necessary and tragic end of such a one, in such an age, in a brawl caused by a quarrel which he despised and in which his soul could have no part. The acting of the rest was competent, rising to a moment of real quaintness in Barry Macollum's treatment of the part of Peter, illustrating in the feebleness of Miss Granville's playing of the Nurse the direction's hopeless and perverse terror of that vulgarity, in its broadest sense, whose other names are truth, nature, passion, fire.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LECTURES *and* AMUSEMENTS

RAND SCHOOL
7 East 15th Street

Courses beginning
Jan. 11, 8:40 P.M..**Melville Herskovits** "Problems of Society"
Jan. 12, 8:40 P.M...**Louis Untermeyer** "Modern Poetry"
Jan. 15, 8:40 P.M.....**H. W. L. Dana** "Social Forces in World Literature"
Jan. 16, 7:30 P.M.....**Algernon Lee** "Theoretical Economics"

Saturdays, 1:30 P.M.—"Current Events"—**Scott Nearing**

Theatre Guild Productions

R. U. R.
FRAZEE THEATRE
42nd W. of Broadway

THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY
GARRICK THEATRE
65 West 35th St.

Next Production **PEER GYNT** By IBSEN Music by Grieg

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International Relations Section

Toward a New Peace

By MARY SHEEPSHANKS

I. The Women's Congress

CLEAR-SIGHTED observers of European conditions have known since 1919 how disastrous the results of the treaties were bound to prove. As they have worked out during the past three and one-half years, those inevitable results have convinced a rapidly increasing number of people in each country that no recovery was possible for Europe unless and until the penal and one-sided clauses of the treaties were revised. Meanwhile the material and moral injuries resulting from measures that were devised by militarists indifferent to the economic life of states and careless of the poisoning of human relations have now reached such a pitch that in the view of many no revision of the treaties will meet the case: what is needed is a New Peace.

The anguish of the first year of the war led women from warring and neutral countries to band themselves together to protest against war and to work for a peace of conciliation. Under the presidency of Miss Jane Addams, whose spirit of love and wisdom has been an inspiration to the movement, a congress was held at the Hague in 1915. In 1919 the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, as it came to be called, met again in Zürich and protested against the "Carthaginian" peace. Now in December, 1922, when those treaties have done their deadly work, when Europe is still without a real peace, when millions are dead and dying of famine and pestilence and millions more in dire distress, when social and political conditions are unstable to the verge of collapse and it is doubtful whether steps can be taken in time to save civilization, another Women's International Conference has met at the Hague to demand a new peace. Three hundred and fifty delegates from twenty-one countries and representing over twenty million women have received the new slogan with acclamation and will work for it nationally and internationally with all the force at their disposal.

The results of the treaties were considered from the economic, the political, the military, and the psychological aspects. A wonderful accord was shown by women differing in race, class, and religion. From women of France and England, the Scandinavian countries, Poland and the Ukraine, of Holland and Switzerland, as well as of Austria, Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria, the same cry went up—victors and vanquished, we are all involved in common ruin. The treaties have perpetuated war instead of making peace; all countries, filled with fear and suspicion, are piling up fresh armaments; trade is at a standstill; production is shrinking; national incomes have fallen and are falling; while low wages, unemployment, high prices, and high taxes make the burden of existence intolerable and lower the standard of life so laboriously built up by past generations. Give us a new peace, a real peace, they cried, made in a new spirit by new men unhampered by the evil traditions of the war period. Let Europe breathe again and its peoples work together to build up a new life, a life of cooperation and true brotherliness, a life of hope and not the present death-in-life of despair and fear. Such was the spirit of this congress—a spirit that faced the gravity of present conditions, but with faith and courage was determined to alter them.

Perhaps the greatest surprise to outside visitors was the thoroughgoing internationalism, the hearty camaraderie, and the impassioned eloquence of the ten French delegates, women of high intellectual gifts and uncommon courage, all protesting against the narrow selfishness of a policy which has prevented the restoration of France while it enslaves Germany. These women are, of course, in a minority in France, but a minority of such quality must be reckoned with. English women delegates from the trades-union and cooperative movements painted a grim picture of widespread unemployment, homes denuded of every comfort, low wages, and crushing taxation—six million dependent on relief now and a real danger of extensive starvation unless Great Britain can regain the foreign trade on which half of its population depends.

Perhaps the most immediate danger and the greatest suffering were reported from Germany where the catastrophic fall of the mark makes it impossible to buy essential raw materials, destroys all security and credit, and by depriving savings of all value forces the people to spend everything at once. The low purchasing power of wages and salaries has forced down the whole standard of life. From Russia, Austria, Poland, and the Ukraine the stories were even worse; and what to many of the women seemed even more deplorable were the moral and psychic effects of the treaties. A special instance was given in some detail by two special envoys to the occupied Rhineland, one a Swedish lady, the other an English Quaker. With great moderation and detachment they described the poisoning of the whole life of the population by the hardships and humiliations suffered in the territory occupied by the Allies, of the sowing of the seeds of revenge, of the certainty with which a new war is being prepared. They and other speakers showed how the work of German pacifists was undermined and a spirit of resistance and resentment fostered. An instance of this was given by Frau Wagner. In the Palatinate a war memorial was erected by an American who had emigrated from the town many years ago. At the unveiling of the stone he made a speech condemning war and when the covering was removed a pacifist inscription was revealed. After a profound silence the relatives of the dead soldiers protested: to perpetuate peace now would be to make our oppression permanent; the war was bad enough, but at least it did not last forever; even war was better than this peace. Four years ago these people were filled with the hatred of war and the love of peace, but here as elsewhere in Germany the horrors of the treaty-"peace" have made their thoughts turn to war as the only way of escape.

Two policies in particular were unanimously and strongly supported by the congress. One was total disarmament by land, sea, and air. Armaments are not only crushing the nations financially but they engender such fear and suspicion that no new and real peace can be established. No rules for humanizing or limiting warfare can avail; in future every country will use any available weapon. Armies only create danger and make peace impossible. The other and supreme safeguard for permanent peace was declared to be a universalized and democratized league of nations supported and strengthened by genuinely democratic governments and forming a real international government unifying all the diverse states in a common cooperation.

No rhetoric, no long speeches, no display marked this congress. The members were evidently deeply imbued with the gravity of the situation, quite unanimous in their interpretation of its causes and the remedies, and above all, determined to act. The proceedings were summed up in one brief resolution, which was intrusted to a delegation to be presented to the Allied and neutral governments.* A committee was also formed of women from the Allied countries to press for a reduction in the sum demanded from Germany for reparations, and another, from the Allied countries and the United States, to press for the withdrawal of the armies of occupation.

The delegates from Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and the Ukraine formed a committee to deal with their special problems and especially with racial minorities. Such inter-racial cooperation was the best proof of the truly international spirit animating the congress and of its practical application.

* This resolution was printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* last week.

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II. The International Trade Union Peace Congress

INTERNATIONAL congresses have many aspects, one of the most obvious is the curse of the Tower of Babel. "Which," one asks oneself, "is the more tedious, to listen to every speech three times over in various tongues and understand only one, or to listen and understand each version?" Apart from language difficulties what medium will enable Anglo-Saxons, Slavs, and Latins to appreciate one another's point of view? The peace congress convened by the International Federation of Trade Unions included 600 delegates from 24 countries, and after listening to the mutual recriminations between Bolsheviks and the rest of Europe one bystander remarked that the Zoological Gardens, where the congress was housed, was an appropriate setting.

Another drawback incidental to continental gatherings is the length and elaboration of the speeches and the free and easy procedure, resulting in this case in the whole of the first day being occupied with only three speeches, whereas by closing time on the third day thirty speakers were waiting a chance to be heard, among them Miss Jane Addams, the only speaker from the United States, who was allotted five minutes in which to deliver her message from the Women's International Congress over which she had presided in the three previous days. No time was found for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, leader of the British Labor Party in the House of Commons, nor for other leaders whom the congress would gladly have heard.

To a casual observer the proceedings certainly confirmed the prejudices felt and the sarcasms leveled against peace gatherings, but the Dutch and English labor men, to whose insistence the invitation sent to Russia was due, felt satisfied with the result: the former hoped it would act as a powerful stimulus, the latter declared that the proceedings had been more harmonious than they expected, and that the agreement between English, French, and German representatives on the question of reparation would in itself have made the congress worth while; moreover that the tone of the Russians was less aggressive than on previous occasions and gave hope of eventual rapprochement. The meeting was extremely important as pledging the whole trade-union movement to organized opposition to war, if necessary to carrying out a general strike to prevent war.

The International Federation of Trade Unions is the strongest international labor organization and its corporated action for peace must have results. Previous attempts to get the I.F.T.U. to pledge itself to peace were rejected—as was pointed out by Edo Fimmen, the international secretary in 1905, as "being not a task of the trade-union movement." But the war brought home to the workers that the question of war and peace was vital to their existence and the economic chaos and suffering since the war have convinced them that their struggle for an improved standard of living is doomed unless peace can be secured. The international organizations of miners, metal workers, and transport workers have since the war pledged themselves to do all in their power to prevent further war, and following them the I.F.T.U. congress at Rome last April decided on the policy of the general strike and international boycott as a means of combating war.

The Hague Congress included delegates from pacifist societies, a course strongly condemned by the Russians, who declared that no cooperation with the bourgeoisie was possible. They said the congress was composed of English "gentlemen" smelling of oil, and were particularly disgusted by the presence of a cleric, the Dean of Worcester. But as the chairman, J. H. Thomas, the English Railwaymen's secretary, retorted, in England labor has welcomed the cooperation of the intellectuals provided they honestly support its platform, and that the 144 Labor members of the new House of Commons include many such men. With Europe's standing armies increased by one million since the war, with the threats of civilian destruction opened up by American chemical preparedness, the workers must close their ranks and organize a constructive peace.

Two points of primary importance were discussed but left unfortunately vague. One was the necessity of making no distinction between offensive and defensive war. Here the Russians were uncompromising. "If," said Radek, "defensive war is to be tolerated, we are back in 1914 and the same would happen again." Jouhaux (French) and Vandervelde (Belgian) still claim the right and duty of defense. Fimmen, in a speech which went unchallenged, declared that if the governing classes again brought about a war, the workers should go out into the streets to resist it. But the resolutions did not clinch the matter. The other vital point left undecided was the duty of the workers to refuse all manufacture of munitions. Jouhaux declared in favor of such a course, but the congress seemed as yet hardly ready for such decisive action. Arthur Henderson, secretary of the British Labor Party, declared that while the trade unions were pledged to a general strike, the cause of peace would be lost if matters ever went so far. But the logical step of refusing military service, although urged by Frau Perlen and others, was not accepted.

Many resolutions were submitted by trade unions and pacifist organizations, and were considered by the congress commissions. Five resolutions were finally submitted and accepted, the Russians alone voting against them as inadequate:

1. At the instance of the French and Belgian delegations, coercive measures against Germany were denounced and especially the occupation of the Ruhr.

2. The trade-union resolution pledged the trade unions in all countries "to carry on the war against every cause of war by every means, direct or indirect, inside and outside parliament." Propaganda and action must aim at removing all factors which propagate the spirit of war; must lead to real disarmament, and prevent the outbreak of war by carrying out a general international strike.

3. The political resolution demanded revision of the peace treaties, control of the armaments by the League of Nations, transformation of the League of Nations into a genuinely universal society of peoples, and the suppression of secret diplomacy.

4. The educational resolution demanded the transformation of the spirit of education, especially by a new teaching of history, and women's organizations were urged to work for anti-militarist education.

5. The pacifist resolution covered similar ground but also proposed coordination of pacifist action.

The League of Nations was much discussed throughout the debates, and while it was unsparingly denounced by the Bolshevists, it was also declared unsatisfactory in its present form by the majority, and it was generally agreed that a real league of peoples must be developed, universal and democratic, to which all disputes and causes of war could be referred. A special commission is to be appointed to make recommendations for this development.

Another fundamental issue was raised by Jouhaux in his plea for a voluntary limitation of state sovereign rights in the interest of general peace, while Henderson put his finger on an absolute prerequisite for permanent peace when he urged the labor movements of the world to work for the abolition of all tariffs, monopolies, trade barriers, secret treaties, and alliances. The question of disarmament, he held, depended on policy, and could not be successfully undertaken so long as national policies were pursued which led to hostility. Troelstra, the Dutch leader, raised a point of great interest to his own and other countries, by urging that the League of Nations have control of the distribution of essential raw materials. The dependence of the smaller countries on the British Empire and the United States for such essentials as coal, oil, cotton, and wool raised acute problems during and after the war, and though the

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trade slump has for the present made the situation less acute, a solution remains to be found.

In spite of the skirmishes between the Russian delegates and the more moderate sections, which were largely discounted, and the belief that much of the Russian diatribes were intended for home consumption, the congress on the whole showed harmony and solidarity in the cause of peace. Many war-time illusions have gone, many animosities have gone too; and labor is on the way to realize that further war must be prevented unless civilization is to perish, and that the united forces of labor in all countries can and should enforce permanent peace.

It must be regretted that the United States did not make the twenty-fifth nation to be represented. In spite of all difficulties of language and organization no doubt can be felt as to the immense value of such international congresses in leading to better understanding between peoples, stimulating useful activities, and cementing friendships. How long will American labor condemn itself to isolation?

Germany in a Nutshell

THE following figures showing the increase in cost of living in Berlin were compiled by the Berlin Student Relief office. We take them from the *New Student* (New York) for December 30.

Mks. July, 1914	November, 1921	November, 1922
4 450 lbs. fuel coal	10 boxes matches	1 pen nib
5 50 lbs. wheat flour	2 lbs. apples	1 envelope
10 1 pair boots	2 small cans shoe polish	1 box matches
20 the weekly food supply for a worker's family	½ lb. margarine	1 small roll
100 1 fat pig (200 lbs.)	1 wild rabbit	1 lb. sugar
300 1 milk cow	1 pair boots	1 loaf black bread
1000 complete furniture for worker's house	1 cupboard (kitchen)	1 pr. stockings
2000 annual cost of living for a fairly well paid official's family	1 suit of clothes	1 poor hat

Contrasts in prices in Berlin, October 10–November 24, 1922:

	Oct. 10, 1922 Marks	Nov. 24, 1922 Marks
1 kg. bread (without ration cards)	80	320
1 kg. butter	1000	3000
1 liter milk	55	170
1 shirt	2100	3900-5500
1 pair shoes	4000	9000-18000
Monthly rent (1 room)	200-100	2000-3000
Notebook (40 sheets)	70	176

Toward a Philippine Republic

THE Philippine Legislature has passed the following concurrent resolution asking permission to call a constitutional convention as the next step in the direction of a Philippine Republic:

WHEREAS, It is a principle recognized in all democracies, especially in the political make-up of the United States, that a people should be governed by its own constitution—the most legitimate and efficient formula for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; and

WHEREAS, The present political situation of the Philippines is essentially anomalous for the reason that we are not a part of the American Union, nor under the protection of its benevolent constitution, nor under a constitution approved by our own representatives, our present freedom and institutions simply being temporary concessions granted by the Congress of the United States; and

WHEREAS, The Filipino people have fought this abnormality since the beginning and have expressed their desire to enjoy the benefits of immediate and complete independence; and

WHEREAS, The people and government of the United States have solemnly promised to grant independence as soon as a stable government can be established in the Philippines; and

WHEREAS, A stable government now exists and is now in operation with the necessary guaranties that insure success, permanency, and security; and

WHEREAS, It is essential that the demand of the Filipino people and the solemn promise of the American people be soon and satisfactorily complied with for the purpose of strengthening amicable relations between the people of the United States and the people of the Philippines and to insure the best interests of both peoples; and

WHEREAS, Discussion and approval by legitimate representatives of the Filipino people of a political constitution for the Philippines is, in the sense of the legislature, a proper and efficacious step for the securing of Philippine independence; therefore, Be it

Resolved, by the Philippine Senate, with the concurrence of the House of Representatives, That the United States Congress be asked, as it is hereby asked, to authorize the Philippine Legislature to make arrangements for the holding of a general election for the selection of delegates to a constitutional assembly which shall have the duty of preparing, discussing, and adopting a political constitution for an independent Philippine Republic; of determining, with the government of the United States, what kind of relationship, if any, should exist between said government of the United States and the Philippines; and finally of prescribing the election by the people of the Philippines of officials that shall exercise the authority and functions prescribed by the constitution to be adopted and to whom the present government of the Philippines shall be transfered as soon as they have legally assumed their posts.

The presidents of both houses are hereby authorized to transmit the text of this resolution to the resident commissioners at Washington for its presentation to the Congress of the United States.

The explanatory note accompanying the concurrent resolution says that among Americans interested in the Philippine problem, their opinion on independence is reflected from some such questions as these: "What kind of government will the Filipinos establish when they get their independence? What kind of commercial relations do they desire to maintain with the people and government of the United States? Are they really resolved and prepared to establish a democratic government, to guarantee to the Filipino citizen as well as to the foreigner constitutional liberty and equality under the law, and to provide the nascent state with such securities that will make it safe from anarchy, class conflicts, dissolution, or invasion?

"It is but natural that the American people should doubt the success of the future Philippine state, taking into consideration differences in race, customs, and tradition which separate us from them. For this reason we should be permitted to call a constitutional convention where we may clearly and unequivocally state what the Philippine republic would be. When independence comes, we would have to adopt, anyhow, our own constitution. To adopt it now, concession of independence should be more readily granted since the constitution will show how the future Philippine state would be constituted."

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